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THE WEDDING OF PRINCESS PATRICIA.

THE SKETCH, MARCH 5, 1919

1s.

The Sketch.

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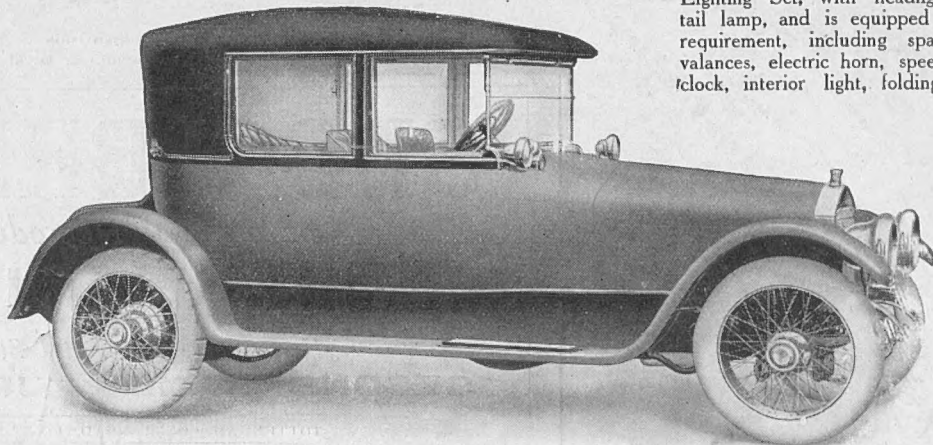
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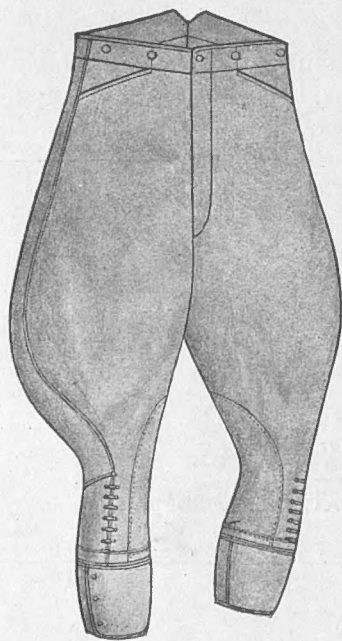
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The Sketch

No. 1362.—Vol. CV.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 5, 1919.

ONE SHILLING.



THE ROYAL BRIDE OF LAST WEEK: LADY PATRICIA RAMSAY (PRINCESS PATRICIA)—A BUST GIVEN BY HER TO HER HUSBAND.

Princess Patricia's gifts to the bridegroom included a silver-fitted dressing-case and this bust of herself by Mrs. Clare Sheridan.

Photograph by Monger.



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND.."

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

Among the Tree-Tops.

*Up to the top of every tree
Promoted everybody.*

That was the kind of king for W. S. Gilbert. Would that he had lived to see his dream come true! For we are all going up as fast as possible. Nobody, of course, is staying down. The barber who became a Colonel during the war is to remain a Colonel. But it does not follow that the barrister who became a barber is to remain a barber. Oh, dear, no! The barrister will become a Judge. Fair's fair.

The lower branches will be quite deserted. They might as well be cut off, when you come to think of it, for none of us has the least intention of descending. How shall we get food? Oh, do without it. The air is so splendid at the top of the tree that we hope to live on that. Besides, food must be cooked, and there will be no cooks. All the cooks will be up at the top with us. You couldn't expect anyone to remain a cook after the greatest war in history! Any cooking that is done will be done for fun, and then by people who have never cooked before in their lives.

Ah, the glory of the wind in the tree-tops! How soothingly we sway! This, at last, is the life. We were mad to be content with anything but the very topmost boughs!

*Swing high, swing low,
Swing to, swing fro.*

What's that? A crack? Top-heavy? Who said so? . . .
Ach!!!! (Crash.)

Life of a Dog.

The only man who intends to go on working, so far as I can discover, is the French Premier. He rises at three in the morning, just when good and early people in Paris are thinking of going to bed. He works till six. He then takes a roll and a cup of coffee, by way of pandering to the beastly flesh. After that he gets seriously to work.

He has one real meal in the day—at twelve noon. He then visits all the Government Departments. After all, he's only about eighty. A mere boy compared with many of our strikers. Clemenceau then indulges himself with an egg. At eight o'clock he goes to bed—just as Parisian life is beginning.

In order to help the world's only worker, a young gentleman shoots at the unarmed Premier and wounds him in three places. One ball, at the time of writing, still lodges in the Premier's lung. What of it? He is the Slave of the World. He won't strike.

You might have been excused for supposing that Clemenceau was at the top of the tree. Perhaps he was! Perhaps he is! This may give the climbers to pause. Is the summit, after all, so enviable? Is it as safe at the summit as on the ground—or under the ground? A nice thing if, having cut off the lower branches, and thus unable to descend, we found the top of the tree being riddled with bullets! Dear, dear!

And another thing. Clemenceau is guarded by police. But how shall we be guarded when all the police are clambering among the topmost branches? Who will prevent some scurvy rascal from hacking at the roots?

The New World is not so new as we expected.

Advance of the Drama.

Those of us who have sacrificed good working years—lamentably few in the life of any man!—to honest attempts at trying to further the cause of Dramatic Art have been severely chided, of late, for finding fault with the Drama during the war. All the plays that had long runs were brilliant; all the plays still enjoying long runs are brilliant; and all the plays about to be produced are still more brilliant.

The past is past. Let the dead bury their dead. As to the future, the prospects are really rosy. Listen to this—

"One of the sensational novelties in a recent New York roof-garden revue was a song in which the chorus girls advanced up to the front row of the audience, turned round, revealing their dresses undone at the back, and invited the stall Johnnies to repair the negligence. I am told that a West End manager proposes to import this innovation shortly."

So the Great War, you see, was not waged in vain. The world has taken a wonderful leap forward in taste and intelligence. The millions who gave their lives, as they look down from above, will have the consolation of knowing that, at least, they redeemed the English-speaking stage from vulgarity and triviality. They will know that the Theatre has come into its own at last—that this wonderful medium is helping to rarefy the intelligence and exalt the soul. They could ask no more. The children now growing up will worship their memories when they reflect on the inspiring results of such heroic sacrifice.



JUNE BLOCK IN "UNCLE SAM": MISS PAM BROWNING, AT THE HAYMARKET.—[Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.]

THE CHILD'S GUIDE TO KNOWLEDGE.

(New and Revised Edition.)

CHAP. CX.—"THE THEATRE."

Q.: What is a theatre? A.: A place with a stage and a lot of seats in it.

Q.: What is the use of a theatre? A.: To make money.

Q.: Who for? A.: The manager.

Q.: How much money does he need? A.: All of it.

Q.: Why does he need it? A.: To make more at other theatres.

Q.: And then? A.: Then he takes some more theatres.

Q.: And then? A.: Then he makes more money.

Q.: And then? A.: Then he takes some more theatres.

Q.: And where does it all end? A.: In the cemetery.

Q.: And is that all you know about the Theatre? A.: Yes. That's all there is to it.

Readers of "The Sketch" may like to know that this week's issue of "The Illustrated London News" (published on Friday, and dated March 8) will deal very fully with the wedding of Princess Patricia and Commander Ramsay—not only by means of special drawings by famous artists, but by means of the best photographs. The number will form a record souvenir.

PRINCESS PATRICIA'S WEDDING: THE CROWD AT THE ABBEY.



1. LONDON'S GREAT WELCOME TO THE POPULAR BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM: POLICE CLEARING A WAY FOR THEIR CARRIAGE TO LEAVE WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

2. HUMOURS OF THE CROWD: MOUNTED POLICE OUTSIDE WESTMINSTER ABBEY BACKING THEIR HORSES TO KEEP BACK THE PRESS OF ONLOOKERS.

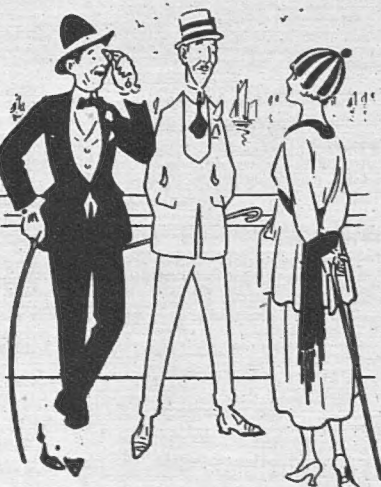
Dense crowds of people collected outside Westminster Abbey, and all along the line of route between it and Clarence House, to watch the coming and going of the bridal party. The police, who were, as usual, reinforced by Specials, were hard put to it to keep back the throng, and

clear a way for the carriage in which Commander Ramsay and his bride left the Abbey. Similar scenes occurred later in the day when they left St. James's Palace, where the wedding luncheon took place, in a motor-car to start on their honeymoon.—[Photographs by Sport and General and C.N.]



Presents for a Princess.

If the success of a bride may be measured by the number of presents she receives, then the married life of Princess Patricia of Connaught should prove one long-continued honeymoon. I was privileged to see some of these wedding gifts last week. There were hundreds of them, and they ranged from the humblest offerings to the most luxurious and expensive presents. They formed, I could not help thinking, a wonderful tribute to the popularity and esteem in which Princess "Pat"—it is difficult as yet to remember her new name—is held by all classes of the community. The presents took ever so long to inspect. First and foremost, there were



MY HAT!

"Bowlers to be more conical. Straw hats with narrower brims and high crowns."—*Daily Paper.*

two silver canteens from the King and Queen; and the King, as his own personal gift, had sent a pink china crystal ornament on a carved stand and two silver grenade lighters. Then there were gifts from Queen Alexandra, from the Royal Princes, and from Princess Christian. Two motor-cars, too—one of them being a present from the Maharajah of Scindia and Gwalior. One of the most touching of all tributes, I thought, was that which came from the men in the Curative Workshops of the Princess Louise Special Military Surgical Hospital at Chailey. It consisted of an umbrella, the stick of which was growing not long ago in a Sussex wood, and the men had made it themselves.

A Week of Weddings.

By the way, what a wonderful week last week was for weddings! Dan Cupid has been busy of late. I have already referred to the Royal wedding at Westminster Abbey; but there were others. Lord Althorp and Lady Cynthia Hamilton



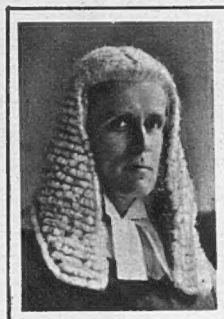
NEARLY NINETY AND STILL HUNTING: LORD PORTMAN, THE OLDEST M.F.H.
Photographs by C.N.

were married on Wednesday, for instance. And the very day on which the nuptials of Commander Ramsay and Princess Patricia were celebrated witnessed also those of Captain George E. W. Bowyer, M.C., M.P., and the Hon. Daphne Mitford—though how a Member of Parliament finds time to be married in these strenuous days I can't imagine! Among the other bridegrooms and brides of the week were Mr. Charles B. H. Phipps and Lady Sybil Scott, and Mr. W. L. Hichens and Miss Hermione Lyttelton. Now that Lent is approaching we may, I suppose, look for fewer weddings.

The New Lord Chancellor.

I hear that the new Lord Chancellor, Lord Birkenhead, has already created a very

favourable impression, and that he is carrying off the exalted office to which he has been called with the dignity it demands. There was a time when "Freddie" Smith was regarded as a somewhat pert young barrister, and certain Judges were apt to look upon him with suspicion. But he has long since outlived his youthful indiscretions, and there is no public man to-day who is regarded with more respect. His ability has never been held in question. From the time when he made his maiden speech in the House, early in 1906, he has been listened to as a man who counts. He entered Parliament at a time when the fortunes



CHAIRMAN OF THE MINING COMMISSION: MR. JUSTICE SANKEY.

Photograph by Vandyk.

of the political party to which he was attached were at their lowest; but he carried everything before him, mainly by sheer force of personality. It is amusing at this distance of time to recall the fact that he first made his reputation in Parliament by a verbal encounter with Mr. Lloyd George, who is now associated with him in the same Cabinet. Time works wonders in politics, does it not? By the way, I notice that Lord Birkenhead's book on "International Law" is to be republished. It has already become a classic.



HUNTING WITH HER HUSBAND'S PACK IN DORSET: LADY PORTMAN.

The Guards Come Home.

The Tuesday of last week was a historic day in London. For it witnessed the return of the 2nd Battalion of the Grenadier Guards from the battlefields of Flanders. They arrived during the afternoon at St. Pancras, and, headed by the bands of the Brigade of Guards, marched through the streets to Chelsea Barracks. Cheering crowds lined the route. We are all, I think, proud of the Guards. No other regiments have achieved a more glorious record. As the Bishop of London finely said in his tribute to the fallen officers and men two or three weeks ago: "Wherever the fight was hottest, wherever the danger was at its thickest, there were the Guards." On many a battlefield in France and Flanders they have left behind them a name of imperishable glory. And the sacrifices they have made! No fewer than 628 officers and over 13,000 of other ranks have laid down their lives in the service of King and country. In our joy at the ending of the war, let us not forget the heroism of the Guards.

At the Theatre.

Mr. Bernard Hisin has ventured upon a bold experiment in producing his new play, "His Royal Happiness," at the Holborn Empire in a series of matinées. Of course, he is only waiting till he can find a more suitable home for it. In the meanwhile, he is hoping that people will be able to find their way to Holborn. Quite a lot of people found their way there for the first



OH SCISSORS!

"A Camberwell hairdresser charges 2d. for an eyebrow trim."—*Daily Paper.*



THE IRISH SECRETARY GOES A-FISHING: MR. IAN MACPHERSON HAVING HIS HOOK BAITED BY LADY DECIES.

The group was taken a few days ago in the grounds of Leixlip Castle, Lord Decies' place in Co. Kildare. The other figures are Lord Decies, Mr. Creel, and Captain Seymour, Controller of the Viceregal Lodge. Lady Decies was Miss Vivien Gould.—*[Photograph by C.N.]*



ITALIA REDENTA.

"It is announced that the Ice Cream (Restriction) Order will be revoked as from April 14."—*Daily Paper*.

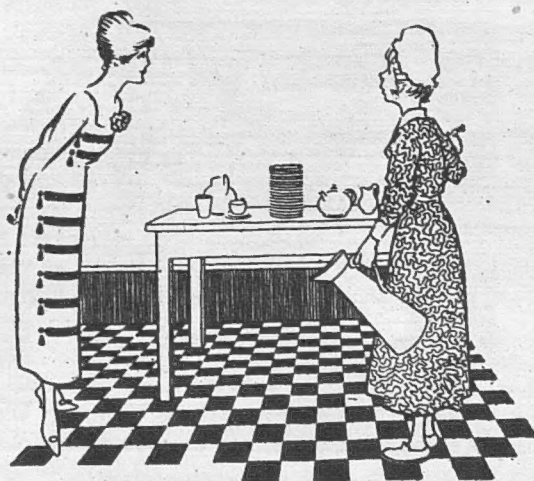
ing), Mr. Billy Leonard (now "starring" in Douglas Furber.

The Red Cross Sale.

Auction sales have always a fascination for me, and, having an hour or so to spare, I took the opportunity the other day to look in at the Wine and Spirit Trade auction sale on behalf of the French Red Cross which was held last week at the Savoy Hotel. I was just in time to hear the speech of M. Paul Cambon, the French Ambassador. It was delivered in French, and was a graceful tribute to the wonderful work which the Red Cross had done during the war. There was a good attendance, and I noticed Colonel Sir Roper Partington in the front row of the audience. The Comtesse de Panouse had a seat upon the platform. Many of the people seemed eager to buy, and good prices were paid. Three cases of champagne were sold for £45, and the prices obtained for brandy and whisky would have been considered miraculous in pre-war days. The auctioneer remarked that it was the first time that whisky had been sold by public auction for twelve months!

Exit "Bobbed" Hair.

"Bobbed" hair seems to be going out of fashion. It seems a pity, in some ways, for it certainly suited a large number of girls, and I remember an artist—I think, by the way, it was Mr. "Jack" Hassall—telling me that, in his opinion, it enhanced the dignity and charm of the modern woman. One of the first girls to adopt the practice was Winifred Barnes. She "bobbed" her hair in "Arlette," and let it grow in "Soldier Boy." To-day she reminds us once more of the "Betty" whom we all flocked to see at Daly's three or four years ago.



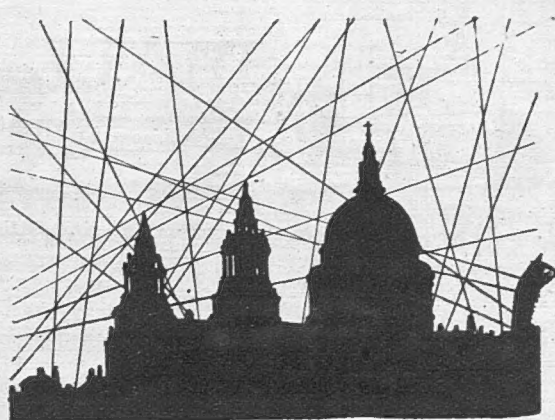
NO DROP IN MUNITIONS.

"After four years Jane returned to her old mistress, and at the end of the first week had not broken a single piece of crockery. Formerly she had smashed things regularly, and her mistress complimented her. 'Ah,' said Jane, 'I have been employed in a bomb factory.'"—*Daily Paper*.

performance—myself among them; and I am bound to say that I enjoyed it thoroughly, though I wished it had been over a little earlier. Any number of actors and actresses were taking a "bus-man's holiday" in the stalls. Miss Beatrice Lillie and Miss Iris Hoey were not very far away from each other; and, a few rows to the back, I caught sight of Miss Bertie

Adams, with her mother. Mr. Leslie Henson, who was in one of the front rows, appeared to be enjoying it thoroughly. Then I noticed Mr. Herman Finck, Mr. Gerald Cumberland (whose new book, "Set Down in Malice," has set everybody talking "Oh, Joy!"), and Mr.

The demand for furnished flats, in particular, is far in excess of the supply. I heard only the other day of a lady who offered ten guineas a week for a furnished flat not far from Leicester Square. The hotels are crowded with men and women who are unable to obtain more permanent quarters elsewhere. One friend of mine, still in search of a house, has been forced to rent a bedroom at his club till fortune favours him. Nor is it only in Central London that this congestion exists. I hear precisely the same story from many of the outer suburbs. Richmond, Twickenham, Shepperton—all the river towns, in fact,



JAZZLE NIGHT.

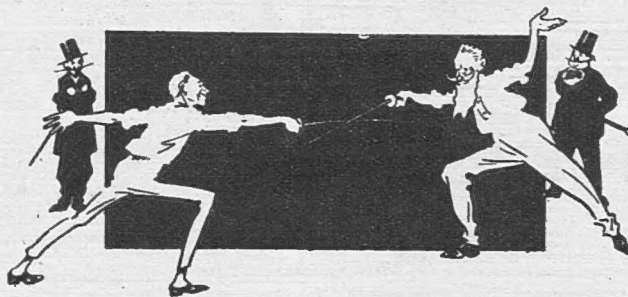
"The best suggestion I have heard is that Peace Night should be signalled by a final and super-display of searchlights—a regular jazz of the skies, in fact."—*Daily Paper*.

that are within easy access of London are filled to overflowing. (A very apt metaphor, that, in these days of heavy floods.) In the meanwhile, a large number of well-to-do people have migrated from the West End to the East End. In Poplar and Stepney there are many more or less derelict squares with large, spacious, well-built houses. These enjoyed a period of prosperity in the early Victorian era. They are still habitable, and may yet come into their own again.



CANINE PIETY: THE WARD UNION STAGHOUNDS WAITING WHILE GRACE IS SAID BEFORE FALLING TO.

The huntsman, Jim Brindley (right), saying grace, has trained the pack to wait for it. At a recent meet of the Ward Union, near Dublin, armed police cyclists attended to protect the hunt from Sinn Féiners.—[Photograph by C.N.]



ISN'T IT KILLING?

"Duelling appears to be reviving in France now that the war is over, says the Paris Daily Mail."—*Daily Paper*.

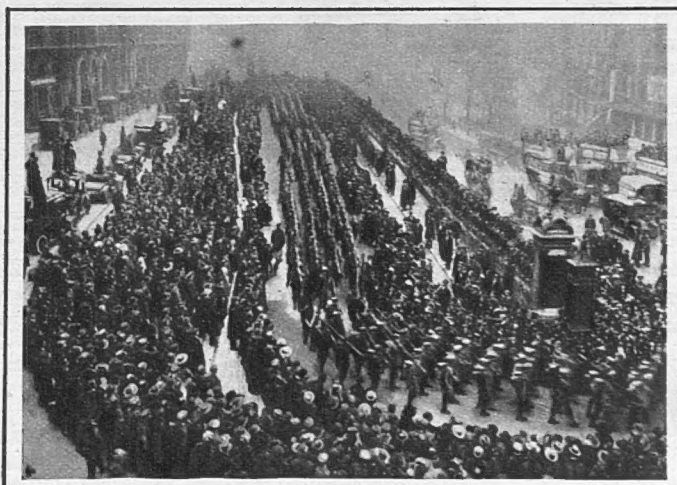
in the Church of England—and one of the most genial of men. Essentially a man of letters, even his sermons had a literary flavour. I remember one in particular—it was preached in the Temple Church on the occasion of the death of Canon Ainger—which was a masterpiece of felicitous diction. Theologically, he was what, I suppose, is called a "Broad" Churchman, but the definition is hardly adequate; for Dr. Beeching was one of those men who defy classification. What is of more importance is the fact that he was a man of broad and human sympathies. As a poet he never quite secured the recognition that was due to him, though one of the best of his poems, "God Who created me, Nimble and light of limb," has found its way into many anthologies. The late Dean of Norwich was, all his life, a fine type of the clergy who make the best of both worlds and are pre-eminently human.

The Late Dean Beeching.

Many will regret to hear of the death of the late Dr. Beeching, Dean of Norwich. Dr. Beeching

was one of the most learned divines of the Church of England—and one of the most genial of men. Essentially a man of letters, even his sermons had a literary flavour. I remember one in particular—it was preached in the Temple Church on the occasion of the death of Canon Ainger—which was a masterpiece of felicitous diction. Theologically, he was what, I suppose, is called a "Broad" Churchman, but the definition is hardly adequate; for Dr. Beeching was one of those men who defy classification. What is of more importance is the fact that he was a man of broad and human sympathies. As a poet he never quite secured the recognition that was due to him, though one of the best of his poems, "God Who created me, Nimble and light of limb," has found its way into many anthologies. The late Dean of Norwich was, all his life, a fine type of the clergy who make the best of both worlds and are pre-eminently human.

THE WORLDLING.



"WITH A TOW-ROW-ROW-ROW-ROW": THE 2ND GRENADIERS, RETURNED FROM GERMANY, MARCHING OUT OF ST. PANCRAS.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

The Rush for Flats.

The problem of where to live is daily assuming acuter proportions. Never before in the history of this country have there been so many harassed house-hunters as at the present moment. London is full of people seeking homes, and finding none.

SMALL TALK



MOST people seem to have been impressed by the useful character of the wedding presents sent to Princess Patricia.

Some of them wondered whether she and her husband would ever be able to make personal use of all the furniture and silks included in the collection. Considering her social position, Lady Patricia Ramsay and her husband will be far from rich, as people count riches these days. Compared with the annual revenue enjoyed by some of our merchant princes, their income would seem ludicrously small. But the bride is used to simplicity, and is not likely to sigh for the luxuries without which those who have newly acquired the means to enjoy them declare that life is not worth living.



A BRIGADIER-GENERAL'S DAUGHTER TO MARRY: MISS M. A. R. COWIE.

Miss Marguerite A. R. Cowie, whose engagement to Major Edward Hastings Impey, M.C., 2nd Lincolnshire Regiment (seconded Machine Gun Corps), son of Lieutenant-Colonel L. Impey, C.S.I., C.I.E., is announced, is the daughter of Brigadier-General A. H. Cowie, C.M.G., R.E., and Mrs. K. B. Cowie, of New Hall, Bodenham, Salisbury.

Photograph by Bassano.

delighted if Lady Powerscourt succeeded in her desire to present her with the Irish Red Cross pearl necklace as a present from Ireland. Lady Powerscourt would have a unique personal interest in such a gift, for it was she who collected the pearls, which have now been strung rosary fashion on a platinum chain.

The Amir.

The late Amir's friendship for the English has been freely commented on. One good little story which appears to have been overlooked in connection with his pro-English sympathies during the war concerns his treatment of Turkish and German emissaries who, to win him over to the enemy, were constantly informing him of the impending arrival of a vast army by whose help he could conquer the English. Their persistence had an unexpected, and from their point of view an undesirable, result. Having decided upon the course he meant to follow, the Amir suddenly turned his unfortunate visitors out of the country, with the remark, "The army must be very close by this time—go and meet it."

Come Forward.

Lord Henry Cavendish-Bentinck, who has been urging women to come forward and do their duty by taking a keener interest in matters affecting Local Government, is one of those not altogether unknown English products, the son of a Duke with pronounced democratic views. The fact,

With a Coronet. Was it by accident or design, one wondered, that the Duchess of Westminster had the small diamond coronet affixed to the top of the block of crystal that covered the blue-enamel-and-diamond dial of the clock which she sent as her wedding gift? But whether the coronet was, strictly speaking, entitled to be there or not matters very little. The clock was a charming trifle, and was, in fact, almost the only example of a luxury-for-luxury's-sake type of gift in the collection.

Pearls for a Princess.

Apropos of the presents, though Lady Patricia is the owner of some lovely pearls—she is, in fact, credited with having made a hobby of collecting them—it is not likely that she would be anything but

however, does not prevent him being an extremely useful Coalition-Unionist Member at Westminster, where he has represented South Nottingham since 1895, except for the period from 1906 to January 1910. It is some years now since Lord Henry, as social reformer, professed opinions which filled ducal families with astonishment not unmingled with horror; but even they—his opinions, not the Dukes—did not save him from political defeat by Mr. Joseph Arch. But that was something like thirty years ago. More recently, Lord Henry served his country during the war until the Dardanelles campaign was too much for his health; and it was only the other day that his book, "Tory Democracy," revealed him as a man who hopes for "the establishment in England of a commonwealth that will embrace all classes, all sections, all interests, in a common life."

"He's Gotter Motter."

Major Astor is a busy man. He is adding the task of presiding over National Health Committees to his regular office work at the Local Government Board. If it was ever predicted of him that he would become one of the Walled-off Astors as far as public interests were concerned, the prediction has gone wrong. Instead, he puts public business well to the front, and has mapped out his days on a programme of work which would grieve and shock the ordinary self-respecting, self-protecting trade unionist. Even his private house has the air of being very much at the service of the public—with certain reservations. "Get to the point; don't camp on it" is a notice that the caller must digest before being ushered into the presence in St. James's Square. And a very useful



TO MARRY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL C. R. BERKELEY, D.S.O.: MISS N. BRADNEY.

Miss Bradney is the younger daughter of Colonel Bradney, C.B., of Talycoed, Monmouthshire. Lieutenant-Colonel C. R. Berkeley, C.M.G., D.S.O., O.B.E., Welsh Regiment, A.Q.M.G., G.H.Q., France, is the son of the late Major H. W. Berkeley, 3rd Dragoon Guards, of Field Gate House, Kenilworth, and grandson of the late Mr. Robert Berkeley, of Spetchley, Worcestershire.

Photograph by Bassano.



AN INTERESTING ENGAGEMENT: PORTAL—WELBY.

Lieutenant-Colonel C. F. A. Portal, D.S.O., M.C., R.A.F., it is announced, is engaged to Miss Joan Welby, the youngest of the three daughters of Sir Charles and Lady Welby, of Denton Manor, Grantham.—[Photographs by Mendoza Galleries.]



notice too. It descends like a blue pencil of the best quality—a BBBB—on those lengthy, unanswerable, persuasive statements of his case with which the average man arms himself before an interview with his unprepared official victim. It is one of the very few office legends which do not make one think the less of the men who own them.

Evils of Quotation.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling has been spending some days in Bath, and so have the Elgars. The poet and the composer are old comrades-in-arts; and, if one of them reached the town of terraces a little hurt at some of the things he read in the papers on his journey thither, the other was the right sort

of old campaigner to consign the journalists to the place they deserve. The trouble is that a recently published book contained a very rude—a grossly rude—personal account of Sir Edward. The reviewers, albeit calling it rude, promptly quoted it. The same thing happened when a poet attacked Mrs. Asquith. He said things which no man should say of a woman, and they were better left alone. It is not so easy to say rude things of a man; but, even if they only nearly over-step the mark, they too are better left alone. The reviewers should beware of being accessories after the act.

EPSTEIN PORTRAITURE: MODELS IN THE N.P.S. EXHIBITION.



THE SCULPTOR'S BUST OF HIS WIFE: MRS. JACOB EPSTEIN—AN ORIGINAL STUDY IN WAX.



A MASK BY JACOB EPSTEIN: AN ORIGINAL STUDY IN WAX OF MISS MEUM STEWART.



PRINCESS PATRICIA'S SCULPTRESS SCULPTURED: MRS. CLARE SHERIDAN (BRONZE) BY JACOB EPSTEIN.

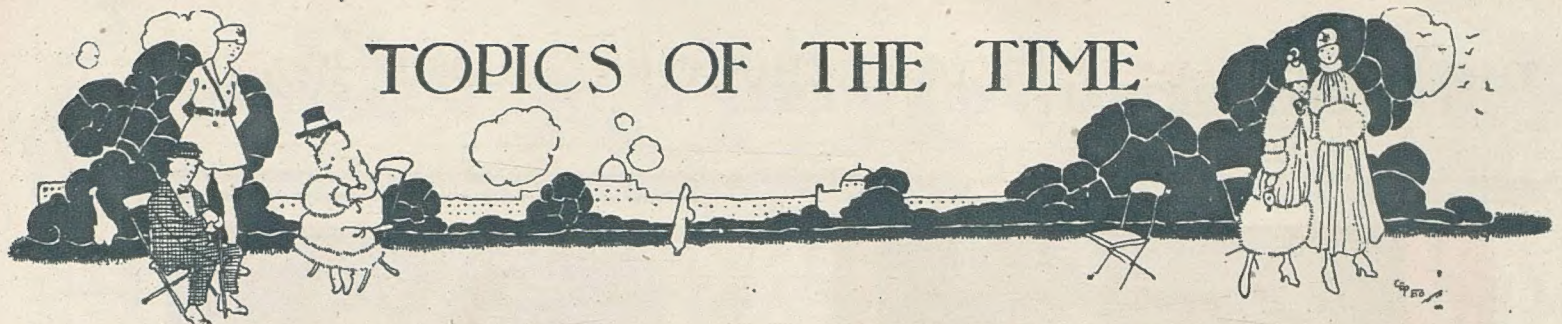


ANOTHER PRESENTMENT OF MISS MEUM STEWART: A BRONZE BY JACOB EPSTEIN.

At the eighth Annual Exhibition of the National Portrait Society, recently opened at the Grosvenor Gallery, New Bond Street, there are several examples of the work of Jacob Epstein. Among them is a bust of Mrs. Clare Sheridan, a sculptress also represented in the exhibition, to

whom Princess Patricia lately gave sittings for the bust of herself which was her wedding-present to her husband, Commander Ramsay. Mrs. Sheridan is a niece of Lady Randolph Churchill. Her exhibits include portraits of Lady Diana Manners and Miss Gladys Cooper.

Photographs by Swaine.



TOPICS OF THE TIME

YOU and I, who have always been more or less interested in the various phases and departments of the marriage habit, view with considerable alarm (as people who write to the newspapers say) Mr. Lambeth Oddie's advocacy of a Ministry of Weddings.

It is only too true that the population is rather over-sprinkled with ill-matched couples. Daily is this proved West-Endwards in the Law Courts and East-Endwards in the Police Courts. But, wherever else married life is made, marriages themselves are made in Heaven; and, if "angels and ministers of grace" cannot "defend us," I don't see what the Ministers of Whitehall are going to do!

"If you please, Mum," whispered Watson to the Honourable Jane (to be mated to the Honourable Jack), "there's that party from the Ministry of Weddings here again, and he says he's bound to take an answer back. He has asked about your temper, and I've told him, pretty fair. Then he wondered if your teeth were all your own; and he wished to know pertickler where you went to for your hair, which he doubted had been naturally grown. And he asked about extravagance in pleasure and in dress; and he hinted you had had another 'case'; and, perhaps, you had some matter of importance to confess, which would have to be reported at the Base!"

"You'll be good enough to tell him," said the Honourable Jane, "that I've gone into the country, where I'm likely to remain!"

Referring to the newest device for combating the "flu," my newspaper speaks of the "remarkable spectacle" of men and women parading the streets in masks. I saw nothing remarkable in it myself. I am so accustomed to being robbed wherever I go



AMERICAN SOLDIERS ENJOYING WINTER SPORTS IN FRANCE: A CLIMB.

Chamonix, in the French Alps, is now welcoming American soldiers on leave.

Photograph by Barrière.

that the sight of a number of highwaymen and highwaywomen walking about in broad daylight struck me only as an inevitable phase in the unchecked development of the profiteering epidemic!



THE GREAT WINE SALE FOR THE FRENCH RED CROSS: IN THE LARGE BALL-ROOM OF THE SAVOY—M. PAUL CAMBON, THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR, ON THE DAIS.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

"If you please, Sir," whispered Reynolds to the Honourable Jack (to be mated to the Honourable Jane), "there's that party from the Ministry of Weddings coming back with 'is 'okey-pokey ferretings again. He has arst me how your health is, and I tells him, pretty sound. And he pumped me on your balance at the bank; and he wished to know what photographs of actresses I found in your pocket-book—and also if you drank. And he wondered if the lady in the Burlington Arcade was your 'special' or the 'woman in the case'; and he said that if the friendship had but recent-like been made, it would have to be reported at the Base!"

"You'll be good enough to tell him," said the Honourable Jack, "that I've gone into the country, and I'm never coming back!"

In the square or the street you are certain to meet, as you walk to your regular tasks, many women and men (and a child now and then) with their faces half-hidden in masks. But no look of surprise will come into your eyes at this spread of a national ill. It is just a fresh phase of the fashion these days of observing, "*I take what I will!*"

It began on the top of our National Shop, with the Lords and the Earls and the Dukes; and it spread to all grades of the various trades, making magnates of Judkins and Snooks! When the shopkeeper found the investment was sound, he extended the scope of his till, and when Tommy on crutch asked the boulder "How much?" he responded, "*I take what I will!*"

I am told (when I ask) that the highwayman's mask is assumed on account of the "flu." But I'm not to be stuffed with such nonsense, or bluffed; 'tis a story that clearly won't do! And to-day when I meet Purple Masks in the street, on an afternoon foggy and chill, I just give a wide berth to these pests of the earth—and am careful to "*take what I will!*"

He's a wicked little feller, not a doubt of it, and I am not brieing myself for his defence; but you can't help feeling a certain admiration for the "flu" germ. He's such a wee micro-organism that you can't see whether he is sitting up and taking notice, or lying down dozing, when you look at him through the strongest microscope; and yet he's getting the best of the biggest bacteriological bugs every time: Here, if you like, is a genuine case of Dignity and Impudence, if ever there was one.

Frankly enough I must confess I do not love you, Germ of 'Flu! Your deeds are dire. But ne'ertheless, I cannot help admiring you! Professors lofty in the brow, and similarly high in name, sit round you *still* and wonder how on earth to stop your little game! And still you fly the flag you flew in eighteen-hundred-ninety-two! . . . I cannot help admiring you! A. B. M.

THE GOLDEN APPLE BALL: "CHU CHIN" DANCE BEAUTIES.



1. A COMPETITOR FOR THE GOLDEN APPLE: MISS K. E. OWENS.

2. ONE OF THE FOUR PRETTIEST: MISS ELVA DIESTELHORST.

3. ANOTHER OF THE FOUR PRETTIEST: MISS MARY EATON.

4. AND ANOTHER: MISS MADELINE GILDERSLEEVE.

As we noted in "The Sketch" last week, when we published a photograph of Miss Edyth Hyde, winner of the Golden Apple for beauty, a "Chu Chin Chow" Ball—the second of its kind—was held at the Hotel des Artistes, New York, on the last day of January. Said the ticket: "If you have

Youth and the Spirit of Carnival, you are welcome to this Rout of Merriment; if not, then lay this Invitation on the Shelf of Neglected Opportunities." For keepers of early hours, it may be noted that the Pageant was timed for 1.30 a.m., and the Beauty Award for 2.15 a.m.! It was

Photographs by Count J. de Strelecki.

[Continued overleaf.]



CROWNS · CORONETS · COVRTIERS

"A CLEVER, engaging, shock-headed, rather plump schoolboy—one of those irresistible creatures everybody likes." Such was one impression of Mark Sykes: rather too round and rosy an impression, for he had a very mature spirit plus the boy's, but, for those who knew him, near enough the Mark! Paris misses him. He helped to make up a very noticeable English group—"the London group," as it is called by those familiar with one of the weirder schools of modern painting. There was Mark, the shock-headed schoolboy; there was Winston, of whom it is enough to say that he has no counterpart in France; there was Lord Robert Cecil, struggling against the reputation of being the worst-dressed man in English politics. On the other hand, we could look to the broad shoulders of Mr. P. J. Baker, athlète and Leaguer of Nations, as more conventionally British. Mrs. Baker, the Irene Noel of pre-war memories, has lately joined her husband in the French capital—and she too helps to retrieve the queer looks of the queer group.

Called to the Bar. England, we are told, is not condemned for ever to its present "houses"—mahogany counters, partitions, barmaids, dry gin, and drier biscuits. Lord Lamington's Bill is on the way; and Lord Lytton has already made a start in Leicester Square. Lord Lytton is an old hand at inn reform, even if he is not greatly learned in public-houses. Though not such a pronounced type of vegetarian as his brother Neville, he has been known to eat a "reformed" meal with seeming satisfaction, and claret and cigars are no part of his rule of life. At Knebworth he has tested the feasibility of an attractive village inn, and, besides, shares the desire of most keen Londoners for places of refreshment on the lines of the French cafés. Neither vegetarianism nor teetotalism solves the problem: vegetarian restaurants, as we know them, are "so vegy, vegy, vegy vegetarian" that they are none of the other things we require in a place of refreshment. Lord Lytton and Lord Lamington should call a conference, with "G. K. C." for chairman.

Despot Luck. If names go for anything, they should also call in Sir W. Beveridge, from the Food Control Department. I met this gentleman a week or so back at a club luncheon, full of interesting talk about food-scarcity in Vienna, where he had been on a visit of investigation. Our own luncheon, it seemed to me, deserved to be talked about too, under the same head. It was thin and pallid, as if not yet wholly recovered

With Housekeeper.

To read the "Agony" column these days is to marvel at the wild expectations of the human race. Majors daily plead for employment at civilian salaries; ladies beg the return of furs and purses left in taxis; loans are required from anybody who is not a moneylender; servants are still "wanted"! But one among the rest stood out in the *Times* last week. It had something real to offer: "Mrs. Bertram Romilly wishes to let her small and convenient house from March 1 to Oct. 1 at ten guineas a week, with excellent housekeeper, wages fifteen shillings a week.—Apply 15, Pimlico Road, S.W.1." No need to ask if she had answers!

Oh, Miss Hoshier! She, of course, is the Mrs. Bertram Romilly who was Miss Nellie Hozier of many adventures—looping the loop with Hamel before the war, imprisonment by Germans in one of the severest penitentiaries in Belgium, sitting to be painted by her brother-in-law (Winston Churchill), rejecting (she had nursing to do) and then accepting her Colonel. And now, before going abroad, she shows her genius for drawing up an advertisement! Of her prison experiences she had many pretty tales to tell—as, for instance, when, getting no water with her meal, she threw it out of the window. Then came the German Governor. "Miss Hoshier," said he, "Miss Hoshier, you have been guilty of throwing your breakfast out of the window. Now remember, when my prisoners are good, I am kind; when they are bad, I can be harrrd—oh, very harrrd!" Nellie only said, "There are two things we always exact in prison—bread and water. Until we get drinking water, all our food goes

out of the window." When, finally, she and her companions were returned to England, via Germany and Denmark, they were described as "Ein Arzt und sieben Stücke" (one doctor and seven pieces)—not of fluff, certainly, for all seven were grim Red Cross workers.

When the Band Stands Still.

Lady Sybil Smith's two bands, working in two shifts, tell a tale of energy. If musicians grow a trifle languid, dancers every day become more strenuous. They obey no laws, either of nature or trade unions; they dance at unearthly hours, and they dance overtime; they grudge an interval for refreshment even, and postpone anything worth mentioning in that line until eggs and bacon are announced a little before dawn. The band, on the other hand, is human, and the two-shift scheme seems reasonable. At Lady Muir's very successful dance in Grosvenor Place the professionals gave way for a short time to a gallant soldier who made noise or music—which is the word?—of the jazz order on a drum, supported by Mrs. Claude Beddington on the piano.



"IN CHILDHOOD'S HOUR": LADY ELIZABETH TOWNSHEND.

Lady Elizabeth Mary Gladys Townshend is the only daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness Townshend, and was born in 1917. The Marchioness, her mother, was, before her marriage, Miss Gladys Ethel Gwendolen Eugénie Sutherst, daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Sutherst, barrister-at-law.—[Photograph by Sawaine.]



A COMING DÉBUTANTE: MISS EILEEN MEAKIN.

Miss Eileen Meakin, who will shortly be presented at Court, is the daughter of Countess Sondes. Lady Sondes, on her marriage with the Earl, in 1913, was the widow of Mr. James Meakin, of Westwood Manor, Staffordshire.—[Photograph by Bertram Park.]

from the dreadful period of coupons and control. "If you don't mind pot luck," the invitation had said; "despot luck," thought one guest, with an eye for the official. In justice be it said that he was quite hearty over his own vegetable cutlet and goblet of soda-water.



A DÉBUTANTE OF THE COMING SEASON: THE BARONESS FURNIVALL.

The Hon. Mary Frances Katherine Petre, Baroness Furnivall, born in 1900, is the daughter of the fourteenth Baron Petre, and will be presented at Court during the coming season. She is Baroness in her own right.

Photograph by Bertram Park.

THE GOLDEN APPLE BALL: A "CHU CHIN" DANCE BEAUTY.



MUCH ADMIRER AT THE HOTEL DES ARTISTES: MISS MARY HAY.

Continued.

decreed: "That none shall be admitted, unless in Costume. That Costumes must be Costumes in good faith. That the Guards of the Golden Apple shall decide what is a Costume. That Costumes must be worn continuously from Eve to Dawn. That Stupid People will be known by their Stupid Costumes. That Sprightly Costumes will indicate People of Discernment."

The arbiters of beauty were appointed to select the "most beautiful Woman, whether a Native of my Realms (those of Chu Chin Chow), or a Visitor therein, and to award her the Golden Apple, that all Men, even to the corners of the Earth, shall know that she is well favoured of the Gods." Stringent, but satisfying.—[Photograph by Count J. de Strolecki.]

WITHOUT PREJUDICE

YOU remember that extra piece of the *Times* that always turns up (with the rude notice about the water-rate) on the last day of the year? It is a rather sepulchral supplement, composed by several of the solemn gentlemen whom dear Lord Northcliffe keeps on a bread-and-water diet in one of the two-pair back dungeons at Printing House Square; and, if you can stop them from lighting the fire with it ("the world's greatest newspaper in war and peace—burns beautifully"), you will find that it enshrines—or perhaps one should say that it entombs—a sort of review of the past year. Pray do not misunderstand me. I said a review: not a revue—quite a different article. Let's make it a retrospect, and get on with the paragraph. Well, then, what I say is (as the gentlemen in the Park remark as they come within shouting distance of the point), why not more of it? Why not a retrospect Every Now and Then instead of only Once a Year?

The suggestion in the previous paragraph having been adopted by acclamation and a show of hands, Mr. Pemberton Billing and the Member for South Hackney dissenting and the National Union of Railwaymen declining to vote pending a ballot of its members, let us proceed. With the Year Nineteen two up and ten to play, we are beginning to be in some sort of a position to judge its quality. It is, as years go (and they *do* just, don't they?), a Good Year. It is a Cheerful Business, and there are No Flies on It and No Error. There are lots of things to talk about, and lots of things to do—and what more do you want? It is pre-eminently a dancing year, which—at the present price of new shoes—is becoming a serious consideration. The abundance of Drums, Routs, and Crushes reminds an old man—if you will pardon the garrulity of age—of his First Season, when he pommaded his whiskers, put bear's-grease on his hair, and rotated night after night to the late Herr Strauss's waltz music, in the days before we had discovered that Vienna belonged to the Central Empires. But if you go on at the present rate, you will all be out of breath by about the middle of April. So remember that there are ten more months of it, and Go Slow.

"And so the Princess married the Sailor, and they all lived happily ever after"—at least, we all hope so. The fairy-tale that

who do the dress articles for the newspapers. But if you want mature reflections on the *crêpe-de-Chine*, poplin, and *charmeuse*, you must go somewhere else for them. All that I can do for you is to cheer loudly and say *Prosit*, before anybody remembers the sinister German associations of that otherwise respectable Latin word.



AT A MEET AT OXSHOTT: THE MISSES RITCHIE.—[Photograph by C.N.]

Those benevolent gentlemen in Ryder Street, whose hostel-building activities have destroyed the ant's reputation for industry and put in the shade the constructive beaver and his dam habit, turned out the other night in honour of Townshend of Kut and received upon startled ears the sensational disclosure that Mr. Arthur Roberts once brought to the Eccentric Club a supper-party consisting of Roberts, Kitchener, Townshend, and—take cover!—George Nathaniel Curzon. One gathers from subsequent appearances that the noble Viscount's natural dignity has survived this Bohemian occasion entirely unimpaired. The General told a fine tale of his siege and defence, as well as of the last hours which Turkey spent in the war, to a company which had dined as well as could be expected with the Food Controller at some moments distinctly visible in the Chair.

With the wheels of Oxford and Cambridge beginning to go round again, the world is really coming to itself once more. There is said to be a full supply of nice young men from the public schools whose destination six months ago looked like being an O.T.C., with a D.S.O. to follow, and a good number of demobilised *revenants* and interruptees whose education has proceeded on somewhat peculiar lines in the last four years. With the return of the Parks and the river to their appointed purposes, one begins to wonder how long it will be before things begin to happen at Queen's and Lords. There may even be a certain liveliness on the Hammersmith-Mortlake front.

What pathetic things happen to our poor provincials when they "coom oop" to their capital in these hard and bedless times. One hears the most moving tales of important local characters summoned to London on the nation's business by the Ministries of Deconstruction and Remobilisation

and, appalled at the prospects of a night on the Embankment, creeping pitiably out of the up train about sixty miles out of Town in order to find a bed—with the not altogether pleasant, but apparently inevitable and unalluring prospect of a journey to Town by the milk train to begin the next day.



AT A MEET AT OXSHOTT: THE HON. JANET AITKEN AND THE HON. JOHN AITKEN, CHILDREN OF LORD AND LADY BEAVERBROOK.

Lord and Lady Beaverbrook have another son, Peter, born in 1912.

came true one day last week must have been a great relief to all pantomime librettists and mothers of growing children who are beginning to run short of evening fiction for the family. It was in every way an agreeable innovation, and gave equal satisfaction to all loyal persons and those harassed but resourceful young people

IF REEL LIFE WERE REAL LIFE.



AS IT MIGHT BE IF YOU LIVED IN EPISODES! A MOVING EXISTENCE.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDBY

"DAZZLE" IN FANCY DRESS: FOR THE CHELSEA ARTS BALL.



1. THE JAZZLE.

3. ANOTHER "DAZZLE" DRESS.

2. A "DAZZLE" PIERRETTE.

4. THE SMOKE-SCREEN.

The Chelsea Arts Ball—an annual fixture which has been in abeyance during the war—is to take place at the Albert Hall on Wednesday, March 12, and bids fair to eclipse its predecessors. This year it will be known as the "Dazzle" Ball, the scheme of decorations on the famous system of naval camouflage, known as "Dazzle," applied to

the painting of ships. Its originators—Lieutenant-Commander Norman Wilkinson, R.N.V.R., and Lieutenant Cecil King, R.N.V.R.—have designed the decorations along with two experts in military camouflage—Captain Poole and Sergeant Webster. We illustrate here designs for four costumes that will be seen at the Ball.



A BRIDE OF YESTERYEAR.

FROM THE PAINTING BY RAPHAEL KIRCHNER.

(Original in the Possession of the Bruton Galleries, Bruton Street, W.)

THE WEDDING AND THE BRIDE.

IT is long since it has been given to any bride to transfuse the grey stones of Westminster with a living national sentiment, and to set the bells a-ringing with peals that awake joyful echoes in hearts not only of Londoners, but of countless citizens of Empire. Strangely enough, a wedding of the sort which has

just now been celebrated has come to be touched with the rarity, almost, of a coronation. After a long pause, Princess Patricia has forestalled her peers; she has come to a wife's estate before any of those other Royal damsels to whom it might have been given to break the solemn associations of the Abbey. The tyranny of the dead has too long monopolised this centre of living ceremonial. Just as we resent the over-obtrusive monuments that crowd its aisles, so do we resent the

abide with her in its more familiar form despite her determination to drop her Royal title. Lady "Pat" will come as easily to the tongue as Princess "Pat." The handle hardly matters. Even Mrs. "Pat" has achieved, in its time and in another person, a wide-spread popularity. Princess "Pat's" *flair* for antiques goes hand-in-hand with original ability. Her water-colours, shown in Suffolk Street, established her as no mere follower of time-worn conventions. Indeed, the breadth of handling of her studies of the coast of Eife and Mediterranean sunlight brought her into line with the more advanced—we will not say most advanced, for that way lies Cubism—but with the more advanced school of landscape. In other passive ways, too, her name has a place in painting, for she was the occasion—as the attractive sitter—of one of the most attractive and memorable of all Shannon's portraits. To Sargent she never sat; but she had the satisfaction of watching that wizard of the brush paint her parents—the only Royal members of the Sargentine republic.

After the death of the Duchess, and even during the last years of her mother's life, Princess "Pat" added the titles of comrade and friend to that of daughter. She was, so to speak, always on her father's arm, the most genial and kindly of Princes. Although a rigorous observer of the formalities of the Service and of the State, the Duke has his very human characteristics, and one of these was the desire to humanise a long sequence of civic and State functions by the presence of the Princess at his side. The laying of foundational stones, the opening of hospitals, the acceptance of addresses—these are the things that may pall. Princess Patricia's youth and vivid beauty came to the rescue. Then she, too, was bespoken as the central figure of multifarious functions. Like her brother—the soldier with "good shoulders but no side"—she found herself taking kindly to public life and the public: hardly less kindly than the public took to her. Thus she came to have her regiment; she worked a colour for it—a colour that has never since been out of its keeping; she despatched that regiment, with a blessing, to France; and only the other day gave it another blessing on its return journey to Canada—with Hill 60, and St. Eloi, and Passchendaele, and Vimy Ridge, and other glories to its credit.

Now Colonel-in-Chief Patricia takes up a new command. It is significant that both her little pages, the Earl of Macduff and the Hon. Simon Ramsay, wore their rightful tartans at the Abbey. Both she and her groom have Scottish interests and ties, and love the sports of the North. Colston was once a Dalhousie property; and with Colston went the Colston pear—a relic as religiously preserved as the "Luck of Edenhall" in another family. But it was a disquieting possession, albeit reputed to bring prosperity: it had the defects of its great virtues. The mere dream of a bride that she had eaten it resulted in disasters. And dreams, if they be not infectious, are at any rate the children of suggestion. 'Tis just as well that this pear was, like Colston, bequeathed, and is no longer in the family to tempt the sleeping fancy of a Ramsay's bride. Other things no less inviting will be hers—not in dreamland, but in the actual, vivid, refreshing days that await her in Forfarshire, on the North Esk, and in Invermark Forest, and at Carnoustie—regions where Dalhousie salmon leap and Dalhousie birds flutter across some twenty thousand acres of Dalhousie shooting.

A contemporary, with a slight advantage in years, of Prince Arthur, Alexander Ramsay went to sea in due time, and won distinction—with his D.S.O. for sign—in a calling which he entered young, but not so young that he knew of no other way of life; nor did he ever threaten to become the type of mariner who embraces the ocean and lets the land go slide. As he has distinguished himself in the Navy, so has his brother, the Earl of Dalhousie, distinguished himself in the Army, with just that dash of the amateur which always plays so great a part in the history of British arms.



THE BEST MAN AT THE WEDDING OF PRINCESS PATRICIA AND COMMANDER THE HON. ALEXANDER RAMSAY: LIEUT-COMMANDER HUGH BOWLBY, R.N.

Photograph by Lafayette.

building up of a funereal atmosphere to the prejudice of festive worship. Princess Patricia, with her retinue of lovely bridesmaids, has rehabilitated the joyful occasion. Her train has swept aside the cobwebs; her smiles, like Easter lilies, have dispelled the shroud of gloom. She and her maids—what could be more typical of England, of the Isles? They inevitably recalled the Tennysonian "garden of girls." Princess Patricia has ever been the centre of a fair group. Not, let it be said, that it was as easy for her as for a commoner's daughter to make real friends among her girl contemporaries. Their brothers' hearts, by all accounts, have been strewn in hopeless profusion in her path; and no wonder. But that she should have gained the close confidence and affection of a generation of modern maidens free as the wind from snobbery, and a little shy of a Princess because to seek her friendship might be suspected of seeking a certain Court *réclame*, is vastly to her credit. In London her circle was both English and American. Then came the Ottawa period, with fresh friends, but no severance from the old. During that absence there was much feminine correspondence across the water, and a little bevy of sisters by adoption greeted on her return a girl who might, with a slightly different temperament (and her own only sister married to Sweden and her mother dead), have found her lot a peculiarly lonely one.

To her mother she had been a close and constant companion. She shared with the Duchess a taste for the art and curios of the past, and helped to fill Bagshot Park (a dwelling of dull exterior) with a wealth of interesting bric-à-brac. Many of their most delightful odds and ends were picked up in the country in which Princess Patricia also picked up her name—a name, by the way, that will



A TRAIN-BEARER AT PRINCESS PATRICIA'S WEDDING: LORD MACDUFF, SON OF PRINCE AND PRINCESS ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT.

Photograph by Alexander Corbett.



A TRAIN-BEARER AT PRINCESS PATRICIA'S WEDDING: THE HON. SIMON RAMSAY, YOUNGER SON OF LORD AND LADY DALHOUSIE.

Photograph by Rita Mattin.

PRINCESS PATRICIA'S WEDDING : A BRIDAL GROUP.



THE WEDDING OF PRINCESS PATRICIA AND COMMANDER RAMSAY, D.S.O., R.N. : (1) THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM, BRIDESMAIDS, AND PAGES. (2) THE BRIDE. (3) THE BRIDEGROOM.

Our photograph shows the bride and bridegroom, with the eight bridesmaids and the two young pages who acted as her train-bearers. In the Back Row (reading from left to right) are : Lady Victoria Cambridge, elder daughter of the Marquess of Cambridge ; Princess Mary ; the Bride ; the Bridegroom ; Lady Ida Ramsay ; Lady Helena Cambridge, younger daughter of the Marquess of Cambridge ; Princess Maud of Fife. In the Front Row (from left

to right) are Lady Jean Ramsay ; the Hon. Simon Ramsay ; Princess Ingrid of Sweden ; the Earl of Macduff ; and Lady May Cambridge. Commander the Hon. Alexander Ramsay is a brother of the Earl of Dalhousie. The Ladies Ida and Jean Ramsay and the Hon. Simon Ramsay are the Earl's children. Commander Ramsay served with great distinction at the Dardanelles, and gained the D.S.O.—[Photographs by Alexander Corbett.]

THE WEDDING OF PRINCESS PATRICIA: AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY.



1. THE BRIDE ARRIVING AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY: PRINCESS PATRICIA ENTERING ON THE ARM OF HER FATHER, THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

2. THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM LEAVING THE ABBEY AFTER THEIR WEDDING: LADY PATRICIA RAMSAY (AS SHE NOW IS) AND COMMANDER RAMSAY.

The wedding of Princess Patricia of Connaught and Commander the Hon. Alexander Ramsay, R.N., took place at Westminster Abbey at noon on Thursday, Feb. 27. The bride arrived with her father, the Duke of Connaught, who gave her away. She entered the Abbey, with him, as

"Her Royal Highness Princess Patricia of Connaught," and left it, with her husband, as "Lady Patricia Ramsay," the name by which in future she is to be known, having, as mentioned elsewhere, renounced her Royal title, style, and rank, at her own wish, and with the approval of the King.

Photographs by Sport and General.

PRINCESS PATRICIA'S WEDDING : LEAVING THE ABBEY.



1. AMID THE GREAT CROWD GATHERED TO WELCOME THEM : THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM DRIVING AWAY FROM WESTMINSTER ABBEY AFTER THEIR WEDDING.

2. THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM LEAVING THE ABBEY AFTER THE CEREMONY : LADY PATRICIA RAMSAY AND COMMANDER THE HON. ALEXANDER RAMSAY, D.S.O., R.N.

Vast crowds gathered outside Westminster Abbey and along the line of route to cheer the bride on her way to her wedding, and to welcome her and her sailor husband as they drove back together, in an open carriage, after the ceremony. Both looked as happy as could be, and it was evident

from the cheers that greeted them that Lady Patricia Ramsay is, if possible, even more popular than was Princess Patricia of Connaught, and that the people did not forget the bridegroom's gallant services during the war. It has been mentioned that he is to be British Naval Attaché in Paris.

PRINCESS PATRICIA'S WEDDING: THE BRIDE.





AFTER HER WEDDING TO COMMANDER THE HON. ALEXANDER RAMSAY, D.S.O., R.N., AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY:

LADY PATRICIA RAMSAY (FORMERLY PRINCESS PATRICIA OF CONNAUGHT).

The Court Circular of Dec. 27 last announced: "The King and Queen have received the gratifying intelligence of the betrothal of Her Royal Highness Princess Victoria Patricia of Connaught, Their Majesties' Cousin, to Commander the Hon. Alexander Ramsay, R.N., to which union the King has gladly given his consent." The wedding took place on Feb. 27. The bride is the younger daughter of the Duke and the

late Duchess of Connaught, and was born on March 17, 1886. She is extremely popular both in this country and in Canada, of which her father was for five years Governor-General. She decided to be known after her marriage as Lady Patricia Ramsay, and the King consented to her renouncing the rank of Princess.—[Photograph by Alexander Corbett.]

PRINCESS PATRICIA'S WEDDING : GUESTS; GUARDS OF HONOUR.



1. ROYAL GUESTS: EX-KING MANUEL AND HIS CONSORT.
2. THE ARRIVAL OF THE KING AND QUEEN: AT THE ABBEY.
3. TAKEN ON THE WEDDING MORNING: PRINCESS MARY.
4. OF MIXED ANEMONES: A BRIDESMAID'S BOUQUET.

The King (who wore naval uniform as a compliment to the bridegroom) and the Queen, headed the distinguished company of guests. Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, under their founder, Lieutenant-Colonel A. Hamilton Gault, D.S.O., formed a Guard of Honour at the West Door

5. THE BRIDEGROOM'S COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF: ADMIRAL BEATTY.
6. AT THE ABBEY DOOR: THE P.P.C.L.I. GUARD OF HONOUR.
7. SEAMEN WHO LINED THE NAVE: BLUEJACKETS FROM H.M.S. "KING GEORGE V."

of the Abbey, while the Nave was lined by other men of the P.P.C.L.I. and a party of seamen from H.M.S. "King George V." The Guard of Honour was inspected by the King after the ceremony. The bridesmaids carried Goodyear bouquets of mixed anemones.

PRINCESS PATRICIA'S WEDDING : "WITH THIS RING I THEE WED."



THE CENTRAL MOMENT OF THE MARRIAGE SERVICE IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY : COMMANDER RAMSAY
PLACING THE RING ON THE FINGER OF HIS BRIDE.

The marriage service was performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by the Dean of Westminster, and Canon Edgar Sheppard, Sub-Dean of the Chapels Royal. When the "I will" responses had been made, Commander Ramsay placed the ring on the bride's finger, and both moved

forward to the altar steps, where they stood to listen to the Archbishop's address. In the drawing the Archbishop is seen on the right. Behind the bride is her father, the Duke of Connaught. On the extreme left in front is the bridegroom's best man, Lieutenant-Commander Bowlby, R.N.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY FOR THE WEDDING.

PRINCESS PATRICIA'S WEDDING: ROYAL AND OTHER GIFTS.



1. INCLUDING A CLOCK (MIDDLE SHELF) FROM THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER: A COLLECTION OF WEDDING GIFTS.
3. EMBROIDERED BY WOUNDED SOUTH AFRICANS AT RICHMOND: A TABLE-CENTRE FROM SOUTH AFRICAN FRIENDS.

The gifts of the King and Queen were two canteens of silver. Queen Alexandra gave a silver coffee set, two Indian shawls, and a diamond pin. From the Royal children—Princess Mary and "Princes David, Bertie, Harry, and George"—came a large silver tray, with coronet and initial

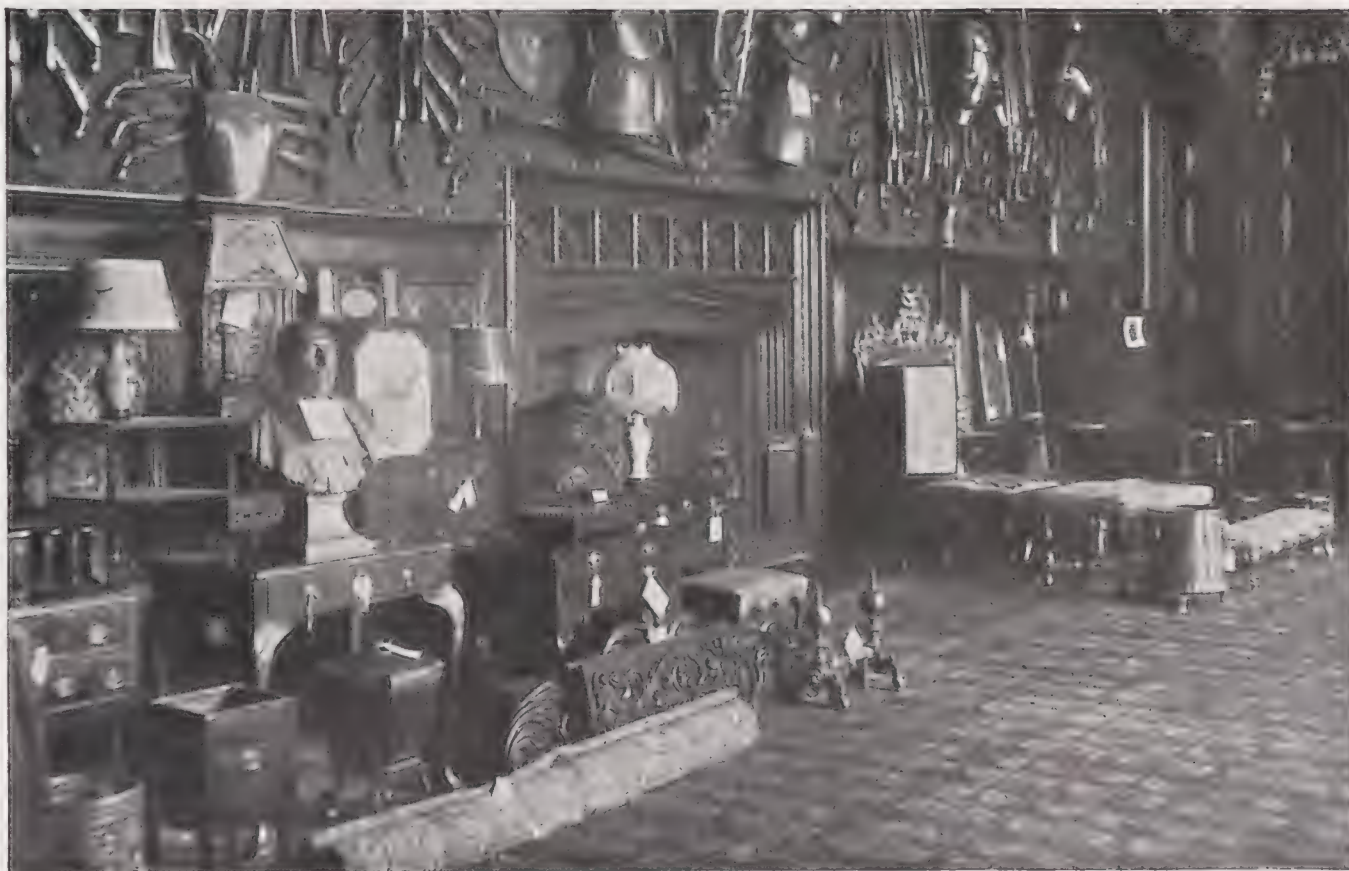
2. SHOWING ONE OF QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S GIFTS: TWO INDIAN SHAWLS (LOWER SHELF), WITH OTHER PRESENTS.
4. FROM THE KING AND QUEEN AND THE ROYAL CHILDREN: TWO CANTEENS OF SILVER AND A SILVER TRAY.

"P" in the centre. The Duchess of Westminster's present, a crystal and diamond clock, is inscribed with the initials "P.R." The table-centre embroidered by wounded South Africans records the countries where they served—German East Africa, S.W. Africa, Egypt, Italy, Flanders, France, Palestine.

PRINCESS PATRICIA'S WEDDING : SOME OF THE PRESENTS.



INCLUDING GIFTS FROM THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT'S HOUSEHOLD, THE ORDER OF ST. JOHN, AND THE HIGHLAND LIGHT INFANTRY : PRESENTS DISPLAYED IN ST. JAMES'S PALACE.



SHOWING (IN THE RIGHT BACKGROUND) THE GRAND PIANO FROM THE GRAND LODGE OF ENGLAND FREEMASONS : PRESENTS OF FURNITURE AND WORKS OF ART.

The wedding presents received by Princess Patricia and Commander Ramsay were displayed in the Queen Anne's Drawing Room in St. James's Palace. In our upper photograph, perpendicular in the centre, is seen a silver salver from the Duke of Connaught's Household, and lying flat in front of it, a silver tray from the Order of St. John of

Jerusalem, of which Princess Patricia is a Lady of Justice. On the left at the back are seen three of the four silver candle-sticks, with a silver cigar-box, presented by the officers of the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th Battalions, Highland Light Infantry. The Grand Lodge of England Freemasons gave a Steinway grand piano and a music-stand.

Photographs by Alexander Corbett.



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PRINCESS PATRICIA'S WEDDING : FOUR OF THE BRIDESMAIDS.



ELDER DAUGHTER OF THE EARL AND COUNTESS
OF DALHOUSIE : LADY IDA RAMSAY.



YOUNGER DAUGHTER OF THE MARQUESS OF CAM-
BRIDGE : LADY HELENA CAMBRIDGE.



DAUGHTER OF THE KING AND QUEEN :
H.R.H. PRINCESS MARY.



YOUNGER DAUGHTER OF THE EARL AND COUNTESS
OF DALHOUSIE : LADY JEAN RAMSAY.

Eight bridesmaids were chosen for Princess Patricia's wedding to Lieutenant-Commander the Hon. Alexander Ramsay, brother of the Earl of Dalhousie. Princess Mary is, of course, the only daughter of their Majesties the King and Queen, and was born in 1897. Lady Helena

Cambridge is the younger daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Cambridge. She was born in 1899. Lady Ida Ramsay, born in 1906, and Lady Jean Ramsay, born in 1909, are the two daughters of Lord and Lady Dalhousie, and nieces of the bridegroom.

Photographs by Rito Martin and Alice Hughes.

PRINCESS PATRICIA'S WEDDING: THE OTHER FOUR BRIDESMAIDS.



Princess Maud of Fife, who was born in 1893, is the younger daughter of the Princess Royal and sister of Prince Arthur of Connaught. Princess Ingrid, born in 1910, is the only daughter of Princess Patricia's elder sister, Princess Margaret of Connaught, who married the Crown Prince of Sweden in 1905. Lady May Cambridge, born in 1906, is the

only daughter of the Earl of Athlone, son of the late Duke of Teck, and Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, daughter of the late Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany. Lady Victoria Cambridge, born in 1897, is the elder daughter of the Marquess of Cambridge, son of the late Duke of Teck.—[Photographs by Corbett, C.N., Spaight, and Alice Hughes.]

THE WEDDING OF PRINCESS PATRICIA : DRESSES.

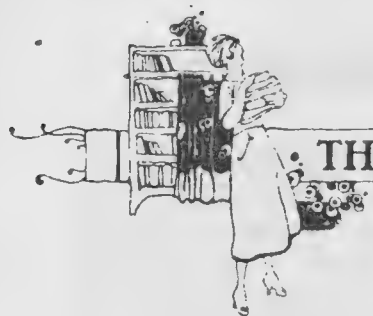


PRINCESS PATRICIA'S WEDDING-DRESS (LEFT) ; AND THE DRESSES OF THE YOUNGER AND ELDER BRIDESMAIDS.

The wedding-dress is all soft and shimmery, made of broché panne, with a long train of the same material, and is worthy of the beauty of its Royal wearer. The silver shadow-lace on the bodice and on the flounce was made by blind girls. The veil, one which had been worn by Queen Charlotte, was the gift of Lady Rhondda, and was arranged in a manner

peculiarly becoming. The dress worn by both grown-up and little bridesmaids is made of love-in-the-mist blue georgette, over blue satin, and silver lace. For the grown-up bridesmaids, the hat was of blue tulle, with blue-and-silver band, and flowers in red, blue, and green. The little bridesmaids wore wreaths. All are creations of Messrs. Reville and Rossiter.

DRAWN AT MESSRS. REVILL AND ROSSITER'S, HANOVER SQUARE.



THE CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.



THE world is still full of a number of things ; but, unfortunately, everything has got something the matter with it, and we have left off wanting to be as happy as kings—who, just now, are as worried about it as we are.

Ever so many people are trying to put the wrong things right ; but they disagree about what's the matter, and keep giving us a variety of remedies that merely upset the system of the body politic and make our complaints more complicated.

Most of us, however, have a favourite physician, and one of mine is W. L. George. He knows his own mind, and is always ready to give you a piece of it. In "Eddies of the Day" he gives you several pieces. War, for instance, is among our ailments, and we can't hope to get rid of it, he says, so long as we indulge our sense of nationality, which he diagnoses as "a bad habit of mind." We must have it cut out before we can realise the common brotherhood of man and the wisdom of working together instead of fighting together.

There are other causes of war that need drastic treatment, and his prescriptions will displease some, though they agree with me. Mr. George is a rational and unflattering champion of the rights of woman. He objects to the marriage laws, but defends the institution of marriage, for "mankind has not enough sense of fairness to do without clergymen or attorneys ; and except among the uneducated grades of the population, whose morals are instinctive, free alliance

is invariably a failure." He is for absolute outspokenness, and insists on publishing all the books that are banned by the libraries, yet writes some finely appreciative words of the Puritan.

That is what I like in him—his readiness to understand and sympathise with the views of an opponent. He is open to argument, and would not summarily cut off a sufferer's head in order to cure him of the gout. This reasonableness adds point to his irony and force to his assertions. He doesn't believe in the League of Nations, yet refers to it gently as a doctor might to a patent medicine he was advising you to throw away. His bedside manner is perfect. He is so considerate, so persuasive, but so confident that even when I did not agree with him I should only tell the nurse so after he had gone out of the room.

There is a capital chapter on business organisation, and in advocating certain office systems Mr. George admits that they are not an unmixed blessing: "Like drink, they are a friend and a danger." And it is because Guy Thorne has not this judicial frame of mind that his interesting, sometimes painfully realistic novel on the drink problem, "Wine the Mocker," irritates more than it convinces me.

I am as good as a teetotaler (better, perhaps, than some of

but would that justify us in writing of the Fiend Water? Fire is a good friend so long as he laughs at us from behind the bars of the grate ; but he is our worst enemy when he breaks loose and burns down the house. Shall we, therefore, call it the Fiend Fire? This seeking to force our own tastes on others is as if the canaries should band together to deprive the lion of meat and compel him to nourish himself with nothing but groundsel.

Esme, talking with Niall, in "The Imp," of the romance of love and the folly of married folk seeing too much of each other, asks him how it would be with them if they were poor and so had to live together always. "Oh, we'd lose one another just the same," says he. "I in beer, perhaps ; you in babies. That is the merit of babies and beer. They help married people to lose one another. Haven't you noticed that drunken men always have loving wives who spend life trying to reform them? The tragedy comes if they succeed. The wife of a reformed drunkard takes to illness usually—until her husband takes to drink again."

But "The Imp" has really nothing to do with drink. It is a clever, lightly, wittily written story with an underflow of seriousness. There are excellent character-studies ; and Esme, the Imp, is a delightfully exasperating little person. "I shall never get to like it," she cries, discussing her engagement and the prospect of marriage. "Never! I want adventures . . . not kisses." You are bound to have plenty of trouble with a heroine like that, and you get it.

Those topical problems with which W. L. George wrestles, and plenty of others, are dealt with in "The Comedy of It,"

and there is good sense as well as good humour in these airy, lively, witty dialogues at which nobody has a defter, neater hand than Keble Howard. He leavens his light comedy with casual, charming touches of sentiment. I would say that his dialogues are as sparkling and exhilarating as champagne. "I don't want you to be a teetotaler," William tells his son. "They are generally light-headed and talk too much, like women and vegetarians. . . . At the same time, my boy, you can't be too careful on the subject of drink. Always get it good."

It is no use the publishers comparing "Hope Trueblood" with "David Copperfield" and "Jane Eyre"—it simply can't be done. Hope is "Sally Trueblood's brat," and the story of her tribulations is readable, though told at times in strange English.

BOOKS TO READ.

- Eddies of the Day. By W. L. George. (Cassell.)
 Wine the Mocker. By Guy Thorne. (John Long.)
 The Imp. By Wilson MacNair. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
 The Comedy of It. By Keble Howard. (Chatto and Windus.)
 Hope Trueblood. By Patience Worth. (Skeffington.)
 The Boy Who Did Grow Up. By Newman Flower. Foreword by J. M. Barrie. (Cassell.)
 Open Warfare. By Philip Gibbs. (Heinemann.)
 Papa's War ; and Other Satires. By Edward Garnett. (Allen and Unwin.)



THE WEDDING OF PRINCESS PATRICIA:
 THE BRIDE'S GOING-AWAY DRESS.
 The dress is a simple, one-piece creation of heavy blue silk stockinette, with a hand-embroidery design at the neck and at the bottom of the skirt. The belt is loosely knotted at the back. It is by Mme. Handley Seymour.

Photograph by Alfieri.

them), yet his story is marred for me by his references to drink as the Fiend Alcohol. I have no patience with these extravagances. We have to filter the water to prevent it from giving us typhoid,



THE WEDDING OF PRINCESS PATRICIA:
 THE BRIDE'S GOING-AWAY CLOAK.

This is a three-quarter-length cape-cloak of the newest design ; and is in elephant-grey faced cloth, with a draped collar in charmeuse. It is lined to match the going-away dress. It is by Mme. Handley Seymour.

Photograph by C.N.

THE WEDDING OF PRINCESS PATRICIA : DRESSES.



DRESSES AND A WEDDING CLOAK FOR PRINCESS PATRICIA : (LEFT TO RIGHT) AN EVENING DRESS ;
A TEA-GOWN ; AN EVENING DRESS ; AND THE BRIDE'S WEDDING CLOAK.

The evening-dress seen on the left is of turquoise mousseline-de-soie, over apple-green satin; and has a gold tissue sash edged with heavy gold fringe. The tea-gown (seen next) is of peach-coloured Ninon, with an over-dress of gold shadow-lace, outlined with skunk. The next evening dress


is of blue broché silk with gold shadow-lace. The cloak the bride wore over her wedding-dress is made of the same material as that dress—broché panne—and has a large white fox collar. It is lined with white fur and white velvet. All are by Messrs. Reville and Rossiter.

DRAWN AT MESSRS. REVILL & ROSSITER'S, HANOVER SQUARE.



BE LIVELY OR DIE!

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN. (Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married.")



YOUR London population must *vraiment* be enormous (see statistics). *Londres qui s'amuse* at any rate (and at any cost). Wherever you go it is packed or packeder with people who feed, and go to the show, and then on the floor. And it does not matter to what fashionable feeding-place or to how many dances you go on the same evening (three or four are nothing out of the ordinary), it is the same crush everywhere. We are told that the population is dwindling off: not, anyway, the grown-up generations which have reached the years of discretion and—dancing! Where were they hiding, all those good people, in pre-war years, when to go out to dinner and the theatre or to dinner and a dance every night was considered dissipation? I really believe they went to bed at night!

There is a great deal of sound satire in "A Certain Liveliness," the new play at the St. Martin's Theatre. It is an amusing show, that of Basil Macdonald Hastings—playfully political, clever all through, and witty in many places; but I was very much afraid during the first two acts that it was going to be an undressed play. I don't mean what you mean. Of course, Lady Tree, in dove-grey, manages to have a "sinless" austere dress in the fashion of Gnautch which is elegance itself; but one pretty frock between five women is hardly adequate! Again I don't mean what you think. One of the theatrical traditions is that we largely depend on the stage for our thrills in "frills," as Seymour Hicks, *alias* the King of Gnautch, calls the refinements of dress. The King's dress education has been sadly neglected, we having unpicked and packed our frills for several years now. His Majesty means *fringes*! I loved Sydney Valentine as a standard Bolshevik. I love him always; but under a sombrero, and belted with red, his perfectly good white hanky hoisted on to his umbrella, he was irresistible. Strangely enough, the same afternoon I had made a study of the real article at the Goupil Galleries, where Winifred Cooper has a collection of paintings and drawings of Russian peasants and Bolsheviks. All her works are interesting, and many are very fine. "Grisher and Egor," bearded and barbaric, will haunt my dreams. "Draw us, Marie Ivanna; we look like Cannibals," is written under their portraits. They must have possessed the "giftie" Bobbie Burns prayed for to see ourselves as others see us!



"Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursels as others
see us!"

This exhibition gives one many glances at the everyday life of the Russian peasants. Women in their multi-coloured clothes are sketched weaving or rocking the suspended cradle. We are shown the cutting of oats, the threshing, sheep-shearing, types of soldiers, priests, agitators, all taken *on the quick* by the artist, who lived among the peasants and loved them—the lovable ones, I suppose.

I hope Miss Winifred Cooper may be induced to write her impressions and experiences of Russia, where she was at a very tragic and turbulent time, for, judging by her foreword, her pen serves her equally well as her brush—

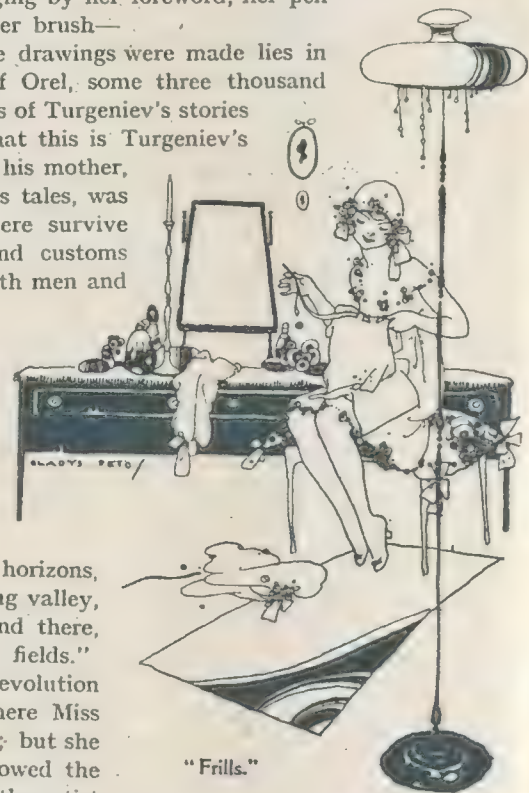
"The district where those drawings were made lies in the beautiful Government of Orel, some three thousand miles from Moscow. Readers of Turgenev's stories of peasant life may know that this is Turgenev's own country; the estate of his mother, the autocratic old lady of his tales, was only a few miles away. Here survive the Russian native dress and customs from time immemorial. Both men and women work hard and unremittingly, and the severe climate makes their work still heavier. As for their home-life, its simplicity approaches to barbarism. But in summer time at least they are always out of doors, in great open spaces rolling away to endless horizons, broken by ravine and winding valley, blurred with forests here and there, chequered with the coloured fields."

During the Bolshevik Revolution in November the manor where Miss Cooper lived was confiscated; but she and the *châtelaine* were allowed the use of the upper floor, where the artist painted, while the Soviet and the Red Guards lived and worked below.

A novel idea as one of the attractions of the second Slavo Dance on February 24, at the Piccadilly, was the bridge for the chaperons while their daughters were jazzing. The dance was quite as big a success as the first one. We are now looking forward to the third. The Countess Cathcart, Lady Muir Mackenzie, Lady Newnes, Lady William Williams, and the Marquise de Bourbel were receiving hostesses. Mme. Astafieva, the well-known Russian dancer, in a wonderful Spanish costume specially designed for the occasion, danced a bolero, and led the procession of the fancy-dressed competitors, to whom six prizes were presented by the Marchioness of Carisbrooke. These dances, I hear, are to be continued throughout the season in aid of the Hon. Evelina Haverfield's Serbian Fund.

Another fancy-dress affair which was very enjoyable and picturesque was the American Night at Prince's. Many of the guests there wore their costumes from the Three Arts Ball the night before, and again the first prize—a solid silver tea-set with tray—was carried off by Mlle. Edmée Dormeuil in her Oyster-Shell dress. The second prize, a silver fruit-bowl, was won by Miss Eileen Idare, who was dressed in a white ostrich costume composed of over fifty large white ostrich feathers. The third prize was won by two artist prize-winners painted in Cubist designs, squeezed paint-tubes being attached. Miss Harris, as Billiards, had an amusing arrangement of electric-lights under her green hat.

Their next ball will be given on March 21.



"Frills."



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HIS MAJESTY
THE KING.

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PRINCESS PATRICIA'S WEDDING: CANADIAN DAYS AND THE P.P.C.L.I.



PRINCESS PATRICIA INSPECTING HER REGIMENT BEFORE ITS RETURN TO CANADA:
WATCHING THE PIPERS IN THE MARCH-PAST.

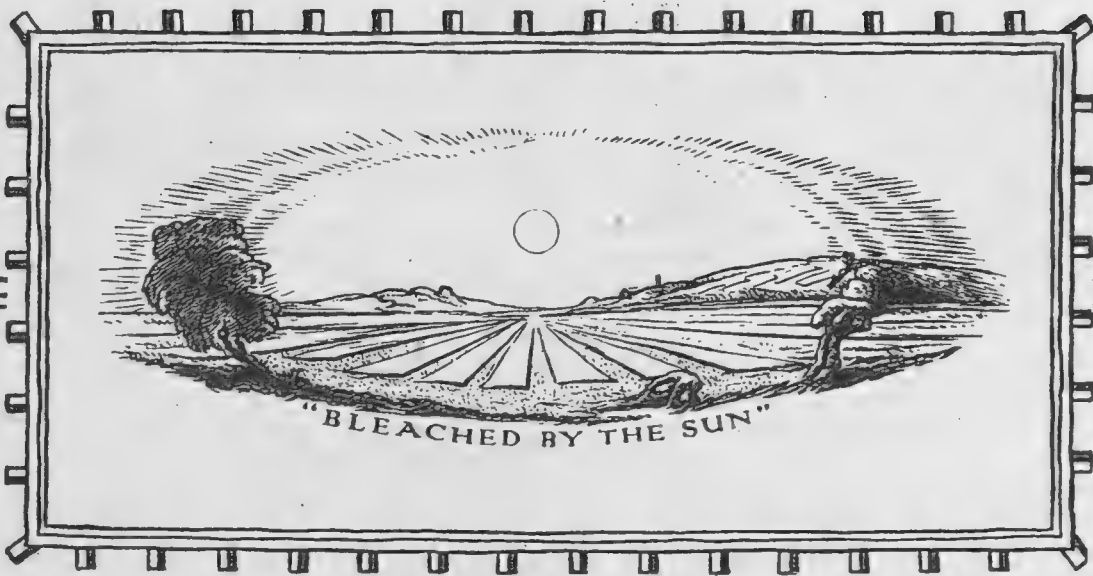


IN CANADA DURING HER FATHER'S GOVERNOR-GENERALSHIP: PRINCESS PATRICIA
READY FOR A RIDE IN THE ROCKIES.

Princess Patricia—or Lady Patricia Ramsay, as she has elected to be called, waiving her Royal title on her marriage—has a warm affection for Canada, both from memories of her life there when the Duke of Connaught was Governor-General, and as Colonel-in-Chief of Princess Patricia's Canadian

Light Infantry, commonly called Princess Pat's Own. She inspected them on Feb. 21 at Bramshott, and decorated the colours worked and presented by herself in 1914, which they bore in triumph through the war. The lower photograph shows her at Banff, outside the C.P.R. Hotel, in July 1916.

The top photograph by L.N.A.



How a Great Craftsman re-won the Art of Fine Linen Making.

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CHARLES JAMES WEBB

who founded the Old Bleach Linen Co., Ltd., more than half-a-century ago. On him fell the mantle of the ancient craftsmen. To his mind flax was a medium, as divine as pure marble, in which to express beauty; and he rigidly adhered to the old method of sun and grass bleaching which produced the beautifully lustrous and enduring linens of long ago. He went further: he allied to his fine craftsmanship a charter of trading based on principles which he set down and practised with constancy.

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NEW TITLES IN THE R.A.F.

By C. G. GREY, Editor of "The Aeroplane."

IT seems as if the chief amusement in the Royal Air Force at the moment, in view of the fact that practically all flying has been stopped, is the coining of new titles for the various ranks. Apparently the Senior Services are not pleased that the mere aviator should use for his ranks titles that are theirs by prescriptive right. Naturally, a Commander R.N., with his fifteen years of service or more, strongly objects to a Flight-Commander R.A.F., who is only the equivalent of a naval lieutenant and is probably about twenty years of age, being called Commander. Likewise, a Lieutenant-Colonel in the Regular Army, who is probably a man between forty and fifty, objects to a Wing-Commander, R.A.F., aged probably about twenty-five, being called a Lieutenant-Colonel.

"Heliarch,"
"Dux"—and
"Ducks."

Possibly the best title yet suggested is that of "Heliarch" for an R.A.F. General, the argument being that

the said General governs machines driven by "helices," or screws, and that he may possibly govern by putting the screw on his subordinates. The worst of it is, of course, that it looks so frightfully archaic. The same objection can be made against the proposal to revive the old Roman ranks and titles. Under this scheme a Squadron-Commander would be a "Centurion," and a General would be entitled "Dux." Obviously, if one introduced a man as "My friend Centurion Smith," people would think that he was merely afflicted with one of those comic Christian names which are so popular in the United States; and, if a fair lady addressed a General as "Ducks," there would no doubt be trouble with Mrs. General!

The Ornithological Solution.

Another brilliant brain-storm was to give everybody the names of birds for titles.

For example, a General was to be an Eagle, and a Lieutenant was to be an Eaglet. Intermediate ranks were to be Falcons, Kestrels, and so forth. The idea was too ridiculous (although it was put forward quite seriously), and so it was dropped. Manifestly, a Medical Officer would have to be a Vulture, or a Carrion-Crow, or a Buzzard; and the various Ground Officers and Equipment-Officers would be Ostriches, Emus, Kiwis, Apteryxes, and so forth. The really brainy people of the Technical Department would be Parrots, Macaws, Cockatoos, Parakeets, and so on, as being the birds which talk the most and fly the least!

Telescoped Terminology.

Another great idea, proposed by an R.A.F. officer, was to combine the existing grades and titles, and evolve "portmanteau" words from them. For example, a Flying-Officer, who is also a Lieutenant, would be called a "Flewtenant," and would obviously be abbreviated

into "Flute"; a Flight-Commander, who is officially entitled Captain, would be known as a "Flaptain." But the perpetrator fell down rather badly on the next rank, that of Squadron-Commander, who is a Major. The best he could do with it was to turn it into "Squajor." He admitted that it did not suggest flying, but claimed that it gave the idea of the square jaw of a Commanding Officer. He was still worse when he came to the Wing-Commander, who is a Lieutenant-Colonel, and is commonly addressed in the English tongue as "Kernel," for he could only turn that into "Wormell"—at any rate, that is how he spelled it. His argument in favour of it was that a Wing-Commander in these days seldom flies, and is, therefore, naturally a thing of the earth. On the same line of reasoning he advocated that a Brigadier-General in the Royal Air Force, instead of being called "Brigadier," should be called a "Ter-radier," partly because he stayed on the ground, and partly because he was a terror to everyone.



GRANTED A PILOT'S LICENSE, BY THE JOINT ARMY AND NAVY BOARD OF AERONAUTICS OF THE UNITED STATES: MISS MARJORIE STINSON. Miss Stinson, we are told, is the only woman to whom the Joint Army and Navy Board of Aeronautics of the United States has granted a pilot's license. Although she is only nineteen, she has been flying for five years. She works for one of the drafting sections of the U.S. Navy.

Photograph by Topical.

"Awwest the Wing-Leader."

Quite a serious suggestion was made that Lieutenants should be known as Ensigns, and that the succeeding ranks should be Flight Leader, Squadron-Leader, and Wing-Leader. They are distinctive, but cumbersome. One officer to whom the suggestion was made objected that the title of Wing-Leader might lead to unfortunate misunderstandings. For example, suppose that one of those minor mutinies which are euphemistically called strikes occurred at an R.A.F. station. It is possible that some official at the Air Ministry suffering from a slight impediment in his speech, which prevented him from sounding the letter "R" correctly, might give verbal instructions to "arrest the ringleader" at the station, with the result that the Wing-Leader of the station might be put under arrest instead.

Apt Titles.

The only person who might conceivably be capable of producing a set of titles which at the same



TO BE USED FOR THE TRANSPORT OF INJURED PEOPLE: A VOISIN RED CROSS AEROPLANE IN FRANCE.—[Photograph by Rol.]

time would fulfil their purpose and escape being targets for the ribaldry of the young officers seems to be the Hon. John Fortescue, the historian of the British Army. Mr. Fortescue's intimate and peculiar knowledge of military history, and his unimpeachable good taste, would certainly either find suitable titles or prove the impossibility of doing so. Above all things, it is necessary to avoid anything which is either clumsy, undistinctive, lacking in good taste, or ridiculous. The amount of

ill-feeling which was caused in the Royal Air Force through the introduction of the blue uniform, which is still as cordially hated as ever it was, and still gives the unfortunate impression of being designed for the janitor of a cinema theatre, should be a lesson to remember.



The Voice of Medical Opinion

The most convincing proof of the value of Hall's Wine is contained in the thousands of letters received from doctors. These, if published, would fill many volumes; they prove beyond doubt or question the supreme worth of this national tonic restorative.

Thousands of doctors have written asking for supplies for urgent cases—others say how they have tried Hall's Wine, or used it in their own homes, to the benefit of themselves and their families. Hundreds of others send a word of thanks for results achieved. These letters from doctors are eloquent testimony to the benefit derived from Hall's Wine in these dreadful days of Influenza—and form a moving story of what Hall's Wine has done in the stress and strain of war.

Hall's Wine

THE SUPREME TONIC RESTORATIVE

Medical opinion is voiced in the following extracts from a few of the letters received:

"My wife found Hall's Wine very useful for neuralgia and nervous exhaustion. I also prescribe it to my patients."

"I think Hall's Wine a wonderful tonic. It helps patients to throw off depression and the feeling of low vitality after Influenza."

"A patient of mine takes Hall's Wine—it suits her well. I wish her to continue it for her health's sake."

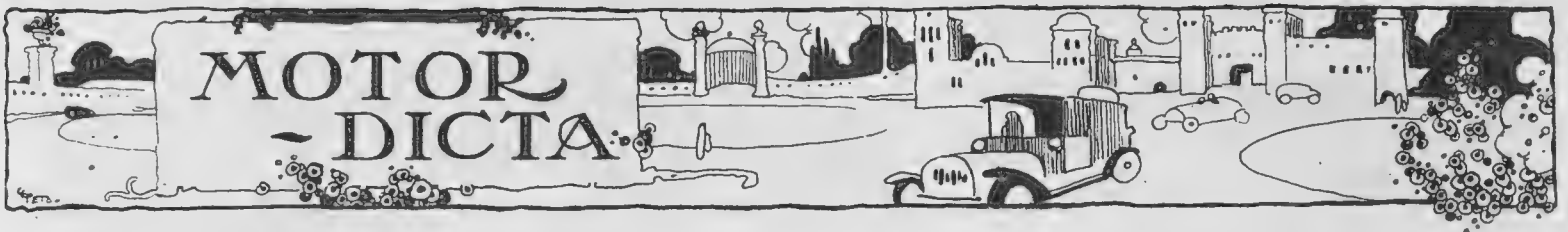
"Please supply Mrs. — with three bottles of Hall's Wine. She requires it urgently as a tonic."

"For mental and physical exhaustion I know of nothing better than Hall's Wine."

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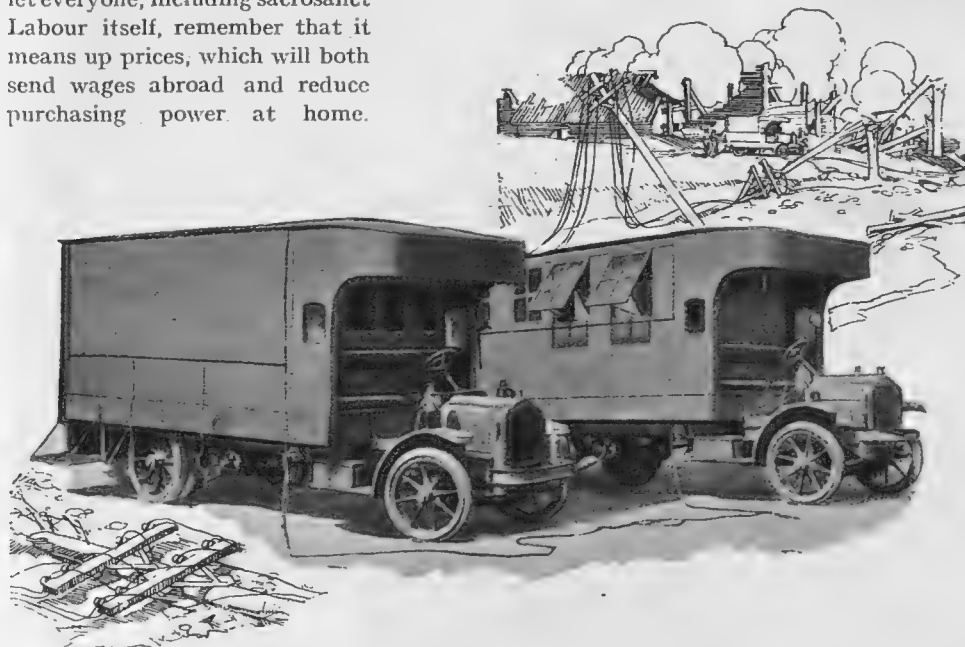
OLYMPIA: PRICES AND STRIKES: SCOOTERS.

By GERALD BISS.

THE Big Bosses of Automobildom have fixed the date of the thirteenth (*absit omen!*) Motor Show at Olympia (which, but for the vain tricks and vile ways of the heathen Hun, would be the eighteenth—half a decade lost in the hurly-burly) for Friday, Nov. 7, according to precedent; and it will last till Saturday, the 15th, both inclusive, according to precedent. The ways of the S.M.M.T. are exceeding slow, but they are exceeding sure.

Congestion Worse Confounded. But the pity of it is that, probably due to the divided interests within this homogeneous, yet heteromorous ruling body, only one show is to be held, and that open to all, instead of one for the British industry and another for the importers, as was hoped. This spells shortage, not only of space for exhibitors, one and all, British and foreign alike, but of elbow-room and oxygen for the apoplectic plethora of eager purchasers. I can foresee it being appalling, simply appalling, judging by past precedents, with the extra factors that make for vastly increased attendance taken into consideration—the exhibition of the first real post-war models and really new cars, the number of empty garages to be re-filled to the best advantage at the most reasonable cost, and the host of newly created practical experts, who are not out to buy a pig in a poke, but to nose into every detail themselves, and weigh up each model for price and value by comparison. And this indeed spells congestion worse confounded!

Caviare and Coventry. The truth is that there is no adequate building in London town to satisfy the demands of this comparatively young, but hugely inflated industry, which must take care not to puncture and deflate itself both by delay in reconstruction and by frightening off that poor, squeezed lemon, the once great B.P., by such prices as obtain at present. If they prevail too long at the present altitude record, cars will shortly replace caviare in the post-war phraseology of our proverbs. Again, in this hour of suspense as regards the various threats to down tools, let everyone, including sacrosanct Labour itself, remember that it means up prices, which will both send wages abroad and reduce purchasing power at home.



TAKING THE PLACE OF A LOCAL TELEPHONE EXCHANGE DESTROYED BY FIRE:
AN AUTOMOBILE TRUCK AS EXCHANGE.

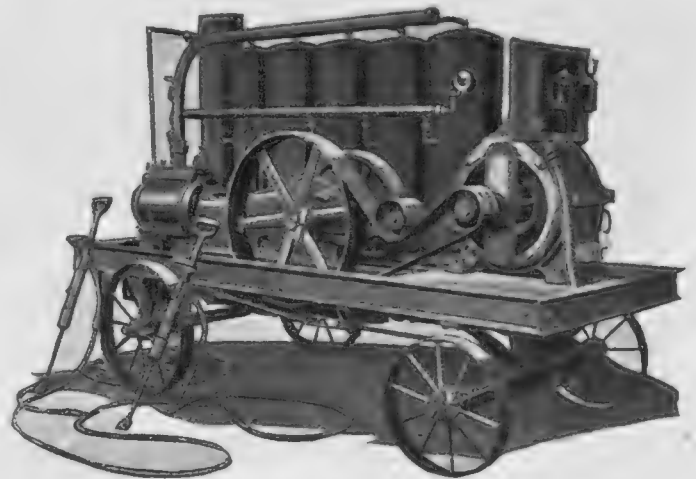
Telephone companies in the United States are adding to their equipment motor-trucks equipped as telephone exchanges. Should a fire or some other catastrophe put a local exchange out of commission, one of these trucks is sent to the spot to do emergency duty, and is connected quickly with the trunk lines.

By courtesy of "The Scientific American."

Amongst other dark threats, I hear of subterranean simmerings of trouble in easily disgruntled Coventry once more; and a strike in the capital of Automobildom might spell no Olympia, after all, or one shorn of its glory and its novelties—if not the complete breakdown of the reconstruction of this essential industry at the critical hour. It is as well to look matters full in the face before proceeding cheerfully with the economic futility of counting our cars before they are even designed.

Scooting the Scooter.

People in this hour of transport troubles talk airily of scooting the scooter after the fashion of Miss "Curly Hedgehog," Claudie Grahame-White (descending from the sublime to the—well, scooter), Sir Reginald Hall, ex-Hun-Catcher in Chief to the British Navy, Sir Henry



WITH TANKS SALVAGED FROM OLD STREET CARS: A MOBILE COMPRESSOR WHICH SUPPLIES AIR FOR PNEUMATIC TOOLS USED BY AMERICAN REPAIR AND CONSTRUCTION GANGS.

"This portable air-compressor is of rather novel construction. Instead of having one large tank, it has a series of five small ones, salvaged from old street cars. The cylinders are connected with each other and mounted vertically in a single row. A large motor, mounted at one end of the all-steel truck that carries the equipment, drives the compressor."—[By courtesy of "The Scientific American."]

Norman, M.P., and other light-hearted souls. They pretend to regard the scooter as the solution of all their ills. Nearly three years ago I first promulgated the idea; but it has its silly little drawbacks under the inexorable old Motor Car Act. First, you can't use the pavement, but have to take to the muddy road and dodge your precious life in and out of the vermilion Juggernauts of the L.G.O. and petulant little taxis pip-pipping north, south, east, and west of you. Further, you must carry legible registration-plates with numbers back and front, which means that you must register and pay your duty to your country or your council; and, of course, you must carry a head-lamp, if not a tail-lamp, which I should certainly do also for my own personal sake, lest some devil should take me when the hindmost one dark night. Furthermore, if in your light-heartedness you should unduly scoot, you will be liable to be hauled before the Beak and arraigned for scooting to the public danger, so that even quite a small scooter may land a serious-minded M.P., a past-mistress of revue, a Hun-catching Admiral, an erstwhile lord of the air, or even you or me, dear reader, within the hope-abandoned portals of Wormwood Scrubs—two "b's" like the ammonia in your bath, isn't it?

The Car's the Thing.

Altogether, I am beginning to regard the scooter as a moral as well as a physical danger, rather than an easy get-out in these transportant times. However, I should imagine that it would

be a fine shake-up, upon our present pot-holed, corrugated, caniveau-ed apologies for roads, for the liver brigade. Whatever the difficulties of price and procuration, the fact remains that the car's the thing. I was in quite a nice Napier landaulette this week—not on business of national importance; and, though it was an old one, still it had the right feel about it. It makes one eager for things to hurry back to something near normal again—or whatever the future line of normality will be in automobilism or anything else!

POPE & BRADLEY
Sole Proprietor H. Dennis Bradley
Civil, Military & Naval Tailors.

BLACK BEETLES.

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.



"THE STANDARD DREAM"

I THANK the gods and my Irish blood for my sense of joy. I need it. From my sanctum near the sky, there are few more depressing sights on a dark, grey day than the view I get of a London street. The full drabness of the scene soaks the mind so thoroughly that for the moment it drowns all thoughts of joy.

One gazes on London architecture of a highly mixed and mostly uncheerful order, feels an atmosphere anything but enlivening—an atmosphere that has the gift of bringing before the mind's eye all the futility of the past, the hopelessness of the future and the sinister rustlings of the income tax papers. Seen from these giddy heights, in the street below the gloom is deepened by a moving mass of male humans who infest the scene and add to its misery by dressing like a collection of black beetles.

Why do we do it? Why have we done it for so long? There was a time when men were not afraid of colour; when thought was free in sartorial matters; when a cravat was an event, and a frilled shirt a delicate, foaming affair which deserved, and received, a lifetime's devotion to her art from the artistically minded laundress. Oh, for a modern Sans Gène!

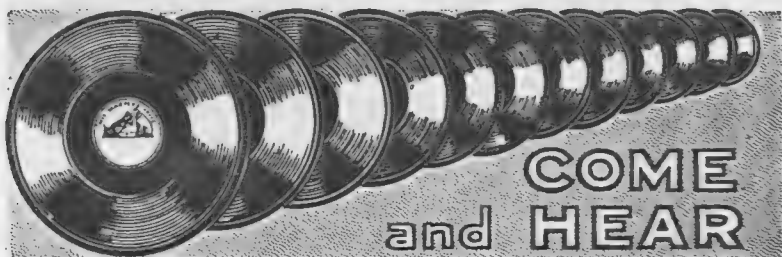
Colour played its proper part in men's lives: from Pepys to Goldsmith, from Grammont to Brummell they revelled in discreet colour. Who in the world tore man away from colour, and why he permitted himself to be torn away are points which a future historian of the damnable Victorian era should study. Not only in art and in literature, but in clothes, has it been an era of miserable and gloomy failure.

And a myth has grown up, a monstrous stupid myth, which whispers drearily that the man who dares to swerve one hair's-breadth from the sombre blacks and toneless greys is an effeminate fool, unworthy of the regard of the serious minded who tread life's stony paths in solemn drab, wear substantial boots and "sensible" mackintoshes, whose domestic traditions, whose "atmosphere" and "art" are a blend of heavy mahogany sideboards and armchairs, "classic" efforts of aged Academicians, and generally, eccentricities of the Great Exhibition Period.

The House of Pope and Bradley has made its name by originating, not by following the ugly traditions of ugly minds. The Victorians, the obese, the dull-minded and the old men should keep away. Nothing can be done with their intellects or their bodies.

The prices are at present neither profiteering nor Bolshevik, but I don't know what they will be. Tweed Lounge Suits, &c., from £9 9s.; Dinner Suits from £12 12s.; Overcoats from £10 10s.

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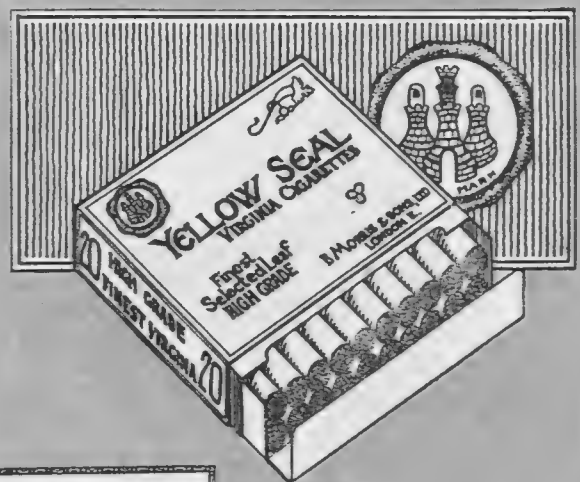
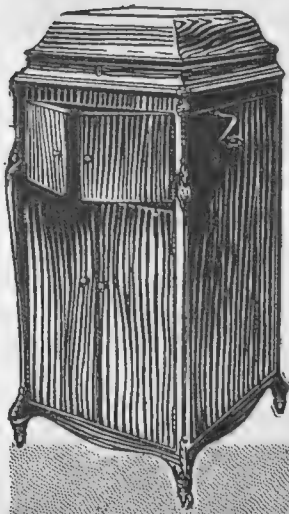
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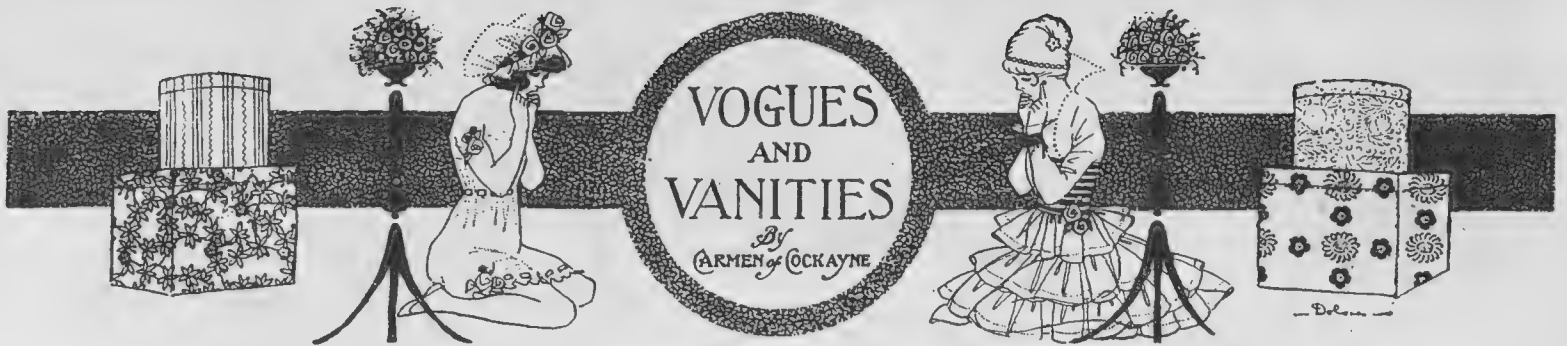
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**YELLOW
SEAL**
VIRGINIA
CIGARETTES

have just that subtle
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and delicacy, inde-
scribable in itself,
which is so much
sought after by
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One Result. The Armistice seems to have stimulated people who make lingerie to fresh efforts on behalf of women. Whatever else is open to criticism, no one could accuse lingerie to-day of recklessly wasting material that might be employed for other things. It has been said that, so far as underclothes are concerned, women could do with a little more. That's a matter of opinion. It is certain they could hardly do with less. It is equally certain that it would be impossible to squeeze more loveliness than their makers are already doing into the minute specimens that so bravely take on clothing duty. If there should be a shortage of chiffon, or a scarcity of crêpe-de-Chine, or a dearth of georgette, it won't be the fault of the experts in undies, who have carried restraint to the length of a fine art in this particular matter.

Everyone to Her Taste. There are women who prefer the chilly embraces of blameless white lawn when it comes to choosing a nightdress, or underclothes of any kind, to the more slippery companionship of crêpe-de-Chine, or chiffon, or georgette. But that is probably because they haven't yet had the good fortune to possess the kind of "sets" in which Mme. Venn, of 14 and 15, Conduit Street, specialises. It's not so much what they are made of as the delightful way they are made that has helped to endear them to the hearts of so many women, to

whom dainty things of every description never fail to appeal.

Attention to Detail.

Of course, no true woman was ever really indifferent to the intimate details of her toilette, and there has probably never been a time when the things not generally seen that form part of feminine dress were not at least equal to those that are exposed to the public eye. The only difference is that the artist in "undies" unselfishly shares her good works with everybody, instead of, as in former days, keeping them only for the eyes of those who were intended to wear them; and shop-windows, as well as the stage, have long ago given away secrets once shared only by a select few.

Pyjamas for the Pretty.

Pyjamas and slumber-suits are, so to speak, having the time of their lives. Now that even quite "nice" people have gone to the length of admitting that the wearing of bifurcated night clothes is not in itself a sign of depravity, pyjamas—now included among the

"respectable" garments—are indulging in all sorts of freakish and delightful tricks. There is, for instance, no particular reason why a "jumper" pyjama suit of black crêpe-de-Chine should have a lemon-yellow halter collar and hems of the same jolly material, as well as gay yellow butterflies to add to the general liveliness. They are all there because Mme. Venn planned it so; and to most women that is a good and sufficient reason. But one is not limited to any one colour or style. It is possible—and lots of women do it—to seek sleep in a nightie whose rosy brilliance is enhanced rather than otherwise by the edgings of black crêpe-de-Chine, and the rationed allowance of black embroidery that helps to define the low-cut neck and not too long sleeves. Black crêpe-de-Chine outlined with white, and inset with "diamonds" to match, sewn with white faggot stitching, is another toilette in which tired ones may retire to rest; and, if you do happen to suffer from nerves, why not try the pyjama cure as exemplified in soothing-looking affairs of mist-grey georgette outlined with pink, and finished, for *chic*, with a faded pink rose?

Just to Show Them.

It is nice to know that Mme. Venn takes a wide view of her duties

as one of the pioneers of beauty that hangs

below skirts. Manchester had an opportunity of making up its mind as to the merits of the originals of the lovely things Dolores has sketched on this page last month. Liverpool and Birmingham are shortly to have the same advantage, as she intends to go there for a few days in the near future.

Beauty for the Boudoir.

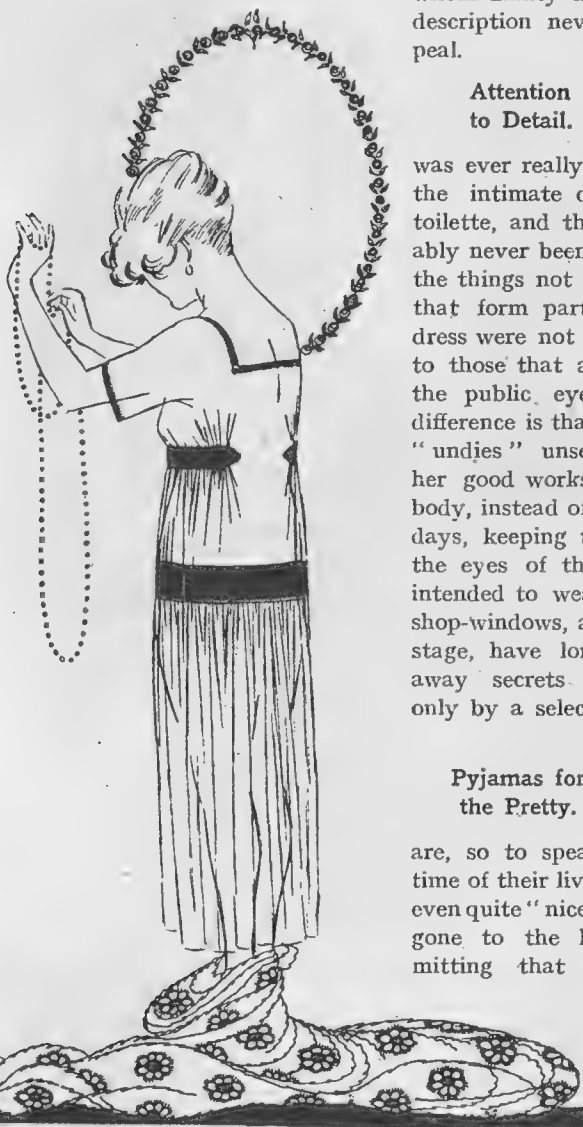
Beauty in the boudoir is just as important as beauty for the bed. When a robe of crêpe-georgette, the colour of which suggests a particularly attractive raspberry ice-cream of the pre-war variety, is hemmed with soft brown satin, and owns a loose oblong "top" of the same material embroidered in pink silk, most women will decide that the only way to be happy is to buy it. If finances permit, common-sense suggests the inclusion of another and similar confection in pale-blue, with a complementary coat of blue satin, trimmed with brown fur, in the transaction.

Thinking of Everything.

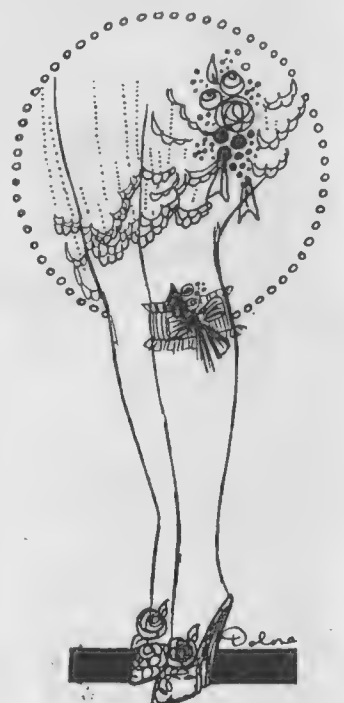
The choice of a complete set of lingerie is a rather complicated matter, involving much more than the purchase of the necessary garments in a haphazard sort of fashion. For instance, only those unacquainted with the conventions would dream of buying a bodice that failed to match the chemise worn below it; or the knickers which fashion demands shall make up in width what they lack in length. If one item should happen to be of eau-de-Nil crêpe-de-Chine, chastely worked with a white water-lily and a stately and dignified swan, it is necessary that the others should observe the same conventions; and, if jade-green triple Ninon fashioned into a delicate cache-corset has an upper part that is mostly of finely pleated net, it's pretty certain that the other ingredients of the "set" will follow suit. Just how Mme. Venn arranges the two materials to the best advantage is her own secret.



A boudoir cap may look like a sun-bonnet, and still do its work well; and yet is not out of place even when it trims biscuit-coloured net.



A new type of night-dress has black lines which only seem to emphasise its every view of life.



Garters of satin ribbon, bows and floral decorations, find a place on knickers.

Harrods New "Suits" Hats

Harrods Consummate Artistry

HARRODS are now ready with a fine showing of effective "Suits" Millinery—quite the most interesting display in London. You will be well advised to pay an early visit.

THE Beauty and Excellence of Harrods ever-new and ever-charming Models are simply the result of the taste and artistry and gifted originality of Harrods designers.

The Sketches on this page have been made from Models now on view in Harrods Salons.



DAINTY HAT (M.I. 15) of fancy Yedda Straw with new shape crown and rolled brim edged contrasting shades of straw. Band of corded ribbon. Peacock, putty, royal, copper, saxe, emerald, navy, vieux rose, bottle, violet, jade, burnt, daffodil, cerise, cornflower, parme, grey, black, or white 43/6



SMART SHIRT (B.S. Newton), in our well-known "Spungung" Silk. Designed and made in our own workrooms, ensuring distinguished cut and finish. In plain cream or in cream Ground with stripes of black, saxe, wine, pink, or black. Sizes 13½, 14, 14½, 39/6. (O.S. 3/- extra.)



A HARRODS' BLOUSE (B.S. Netley), in best crepe-de-Chine, front smartly arranged with pleats. In ivory, pink, champagne, saxe, cherry, or black. Sizes 13½, 14, 14½, 69/6. (O.S., 3/- extra.)



NEW MODEL (M.I. 17) in the finest Pedal Straw, daintily trimmed with faille ribbon embroidered in silk. Black, nigger, navy, poppy, grey, mauve, rose, and mastic 4 Gns.



WHITE JAP SILK SHIRT (B.S. Belmont). Designed and made in our own workrooms. Plain collar and revers. Sizes 13½, 14, 14½ 21/9



Parfum "SILHOUETTE" appeals to those who value subtlety, distinction, and elegance in the perfume they adopt. It is an essence of extraordinary freshness and purity, delicately suggestive rather than pronounced, yet remarkably enduring. It recalls the sweet fragrance and simplicity of Victorian days of long ago. It will delight you. "Parfum Silhouette" (Harrods). Dainty Cut Crystal Glass Bottles, charmingly encased, 15/6



A DAINY BLOUSE (B.S. Malvern) in good quality Georgette, hand-made in our own workroom. Designed with graceful long front. Ivory, pink, sky, champagne, mauve, navy, or black. Sizes 42, 44, and 46. 75/9

A NEW MODEL (B.S. Morton) in fine crepe-de-Chine, smartly tailored and finished in our own workroom. In ivory, pink, sky, champagne, cherry, navy, or black. Sizes 13½, 14, and 14½, 59/6 15 in., 3/- extra.



SMART HAT (M.I. 18). A useful design in Pedal Straw, trimmed with a rich quality duvetyne cloth of three pretty shades to contrast with straw. Black, grey, putty, navy, burnt, white, daffodil, nigger, mole, royal, violet, cerise, and moss £3. 15. 6



WALLET (F.L. 200.) Mounted Silver-Gilt Flexible Clips. Black, blue, or green. 4½ ins. Seal, 27/6; Morocco, 22/6; Pigskin, 28/6



HANDBAG (F.L. 286 on right). Fitted Mirror and Puff Case, inner division lined Kid. In fine Seal, black, blue, brown, and green, lined silk. Flap mounted Silver-Gilt Flexible Clips. Size, 9¾ by 5½ ins., £5. 15. 0

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Complete Programme for the week gladly sent free on request.

THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

Casting a Coronet. I could quite well imagine the bride of last week having had a game with her Princess's coronet in sheer gladness of heart at getting rid of so much that it stood for. She must have had one for the Coronations. It meant that she was at the beck and call of philanthropic organisers, that she could not even have an attack of measles without publicity, that wherever she went she had to remember all sorts of folk and things with nothing memorable about them; that all eyes were on her, and if she made a simple purchase the matter was duly chronicled unless eagle journalistic sight had been evaded. Outside her dressmaker's, relays of snapshotters waited to get a picture of her buying her trousseau. On every occasion when it was possible she showed herself democratic, and natural—even unconventional—in her tastes. These things don't fit in the crown of a Princess's coronet, and Lady Patricia Ramsay will feel no regret at having cast hers.



A sports hat; showing that fringes, even when tucked in to look tidy, are as popular as ever.

An Abiding Joy. The Government is giving us good grandmotherly advice as to defence against the "flu" fiend. I would not mind a bet at fair odds that the advice emanates from a stuffy chamber where fresh air is only a visitor, when the occupants are out; and that, when in, they spend some time in draught-dodging, and finally give in and shut up every crevice. Tonics are good, but not the nasty-tasting variety usually advocated, which reduce your spirits by a bad taste in your mouth almost amounting to a pain. No; Hall's Wine for me in the way of a tonic. After a course of it, I'm prepared to take arms against a sea

of microbes and germs; having defended my system at every point with this best of all devices, which is not disagreeable to taste, but, contrariwise, reminds one that wine is still one of the attainable joys of life. Hall's variety in a large bottle costs 5s. 6d., and it is worth anything, for it braces nerves, muscles, and mind, and makes life not only worth living but a continual pleasure.

The Hohenzollern Opera. Barbaria would seem to be a better name than

Bavaria for that part of Germany which uses its Ministers as targets for revolver practice. Yet it was a mad monarch of that place who gave Richard Wagner's works the best chance of fame in his lifetime; and in Munich they have been given production second only to Bayreuth in environment and in attention to detail. We are far too sensible a people to do ourselves out of the delight of listening to the greatest music that ever was scored because its maker was a German. We might just as well forego the grand literature and Divine guidance of the Bible because it came to us through a race that we once stupidly despised and disliked. The mythology of the "Ring" might be considered prophetic, for brutality and wickedness and force and power are in the way of being conquered by love, justice, and liberty. Richard Wagner was no lover of his native Germany even as he knew it. If he had heard Wilhelm Hohenzollern's opera, how he would have detested it! As it was, he ran away from Hunland, and doubtless looked upon his compatriots as Goths and Vandals.

Just Right. There are sticks and sticks, umbrella-handles and umbrella-handles; to achieve distinction in either is to strike a dominant note in good dressing. Now that men and women are getting themselves again into "civvies," this is

Woollen scarves are just as much to the fore as ever; especially if they happen to be made of soft, fleecy Angora.



[Continued overleaf.]

The Camerons

The Pens with Distinctive Nibs

PRICE 15/- EACH

JUST PRESS THE BARS

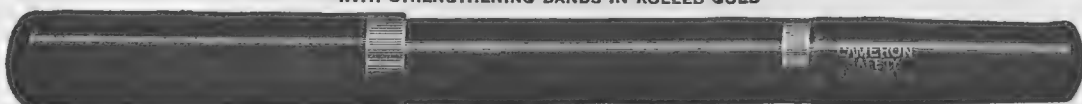


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9CT. SOLID GOLD BANDS & CAP
IN VELVET LINED CASE



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Insist on Black Cotton or Thread Stockings



Shortage of Wool makes woollen hosiery inferior: and Cotton or Thread Stockings and Socks are at any time more economical, better wearing, and of better appearance.

But they must be Black-Dyed, with the Hawley's Guarantee which ensures that the hosiery is dyed with the fastest, most intense Black Dye in the world, which will not soil the skin nor be affected in any way by the acids of perspiration.

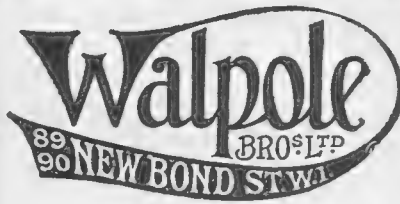
HAWLEY'S HYGIENIC DYE
WARRANTED
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Hawley's Hygienic Black is dyed on all good qualities and makes of Cotton and Thread Stockings and Socks, and these are finished to suit the character of the goods with a "Natural," a special soft "Cashmere," a "Silk," and a "Thread" finish.

Hawley's Hygienic Black

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DAINTY NIGHTGOWNS.

MODEL 23. Graceful Nightgown in fine Nainsook, Kimono shape, lace around neck and sleeves finished ribboned slotting and dainty bows.

This model is an example of "Walpole" value.

PRICE

22/6

Sizes: 44, 46 and 48.

MODEL 23



MODEL 13. Exceptionally pretty Nightgown in Nainsook of a really good quality. Kimono shape, ribbon at waist, fine lace and insertion around neck and sleeves. The model is cut on graceful lines with a charm entirely its own.

PRICE

19/11

Sizes: 44, 46 and 48.

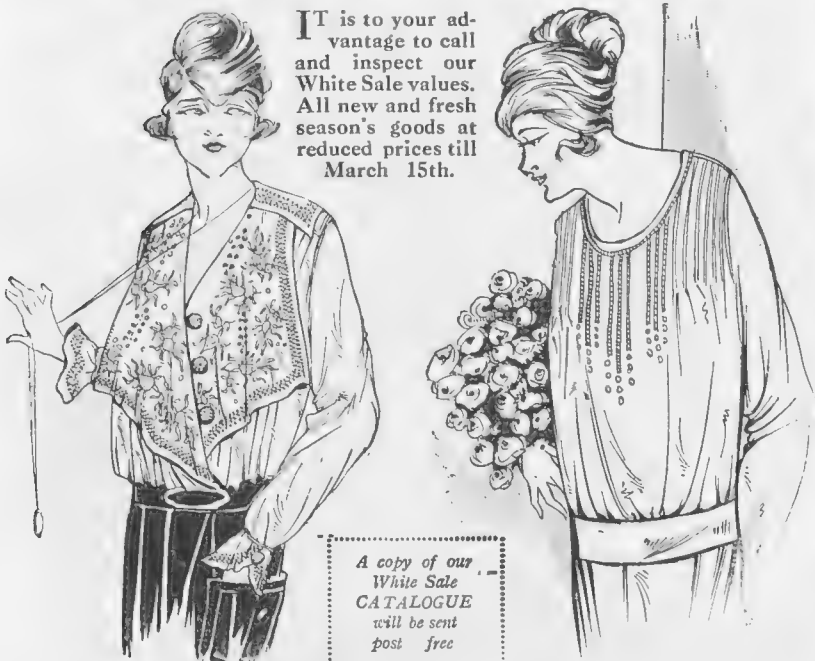
One garment only, with a range of colours, can be sent on approval; if not already a Customer kindly send London trade reference. Remittance with order greatly facilitates despatch, and in case of non-approval of a garment the amount forwarded will be refunded.

Robinson & Cleaver's

GREAT

WHITE SALE

IT is to your advantage to call and inspect our White Sale values. All new and fresh season's goods at reduced prices till March 15th.



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Our stock contains a large assortment of smart and dainty garments for little boys and girls.

LITTLE BOY'S COAT (as sketch) in fine cream wool cord, trimmed silk military braid.

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" 4 " " **5 Gns.**

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2-button, magpie sewn. In white and natural shades. Price **9/11** per pair.

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Attractive Novelties for Evening Wear.

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Patrons requiring Evening and Restaurant Gowns, and Theatre and Restaurant Coats and Wraps are invited to pay us a visit.

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No. 1.—New Coat-Frock in Gaberdine—in navy, black, and all correct colours, 14 Gns.

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First Spring Show

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(as sketch), in good quality
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trimmed fringe, jet corsage
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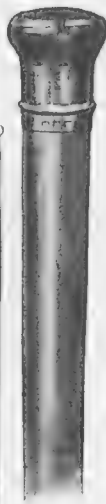


H.M. the King.

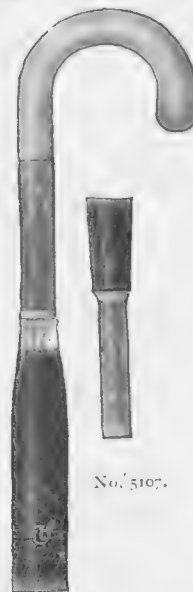
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5101.

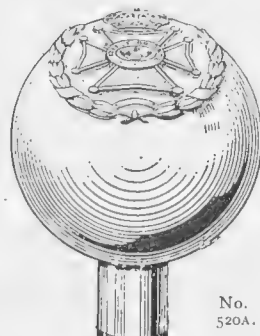
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8/11 per yard
40 ins. wide.

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THE PURE SILK

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This is a photographic reproduction of a
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In dealing with such an unprecedented number of orders it is possible that a few errors have been made here and there and **Ciro Pearls** of a different tone or colour from those ordered may have been sent. If this is so we beg to offer our apologies.

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FLEECY KNITTED JUMPER (as sketch), a new shape made exclusively for Marshall & Snelgrove from super-quality alpaca yarn, ribbed waist and new collar. In various new shades with contrasting cuffs, collar, etc.

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IN the British Navy every button, every piece of ribbon or tape on the Sailor Suit must be exactly right. Boys who wear Sailor Suits—and there is nothing that a boy looks better in—want to have their suits up to Navy standard—cut in the Navy fashion—right in every detail. There is no difference between the uniform of Sailors on the "Iron Duke" and a Rowe Sailor Suit for Boys. Rowe Sailor Suits are made in a sailor town—Gosport—within sight of the old "Victory." They almost have the breeze of the salt air that Nelson breathed.

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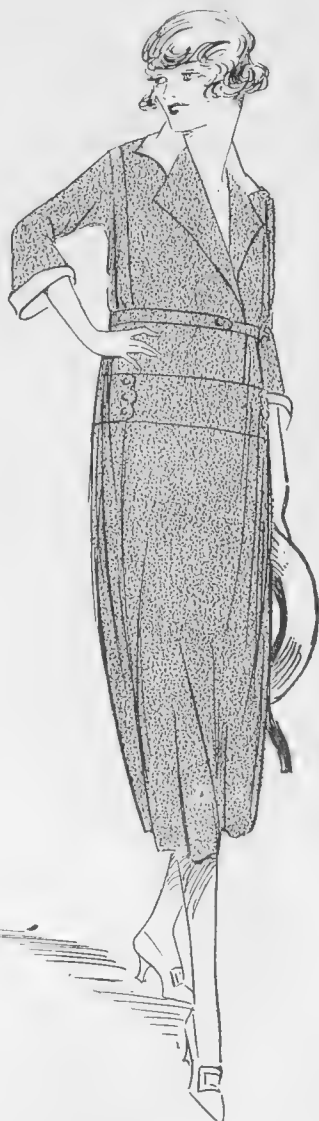
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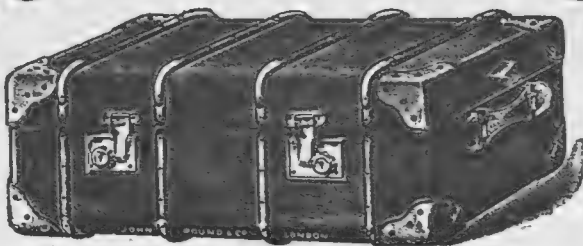
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... the hardwearing
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PARIS. ROME. BUENOS AIRES. RIO DE JANEIRO

Continued.

a thing to think about. An ostentatious-headed stick or umbrella is a mistake, while too much plainness in this respect loses an opportunity. The happy mean is not altogether easy to find, but it can be run to earth at Swaine and Adeney's, 185, Piccadilly, where you couldn't get a "wrong 'un" in stick or brolie unless you made them make it, and that would be cruelty to good taste. A brolie with a real elephant ivory crook and a malacca stick is a distinguished possession for a woman. Malacca canes with silver ball tops and embossed regimental crests are favourites for brollies and sticks; there are wonderful models of dogs' heads, foxes, or pheasants, too, which appeal to sporting people. All these are just right for the well-turned-out.

"Where All is Cheer Oh." "We're off to Monte Carlo in the morning"—that is the cheery song of three

friends of mine; and oh, don't I wish I could make it a quartet instead of a trio! From friends we hear that the Riviera is becoming itself again; lots of nice people are there enjoying the sunshine, the good music, the golf, the tennis, and all the other anti-'flu and fit-keeping benefits of this lovely winter clime. Possibly the thing that is best about it is the optimistic, cheery atmosphere, which microbes and germs detest almost as much as sunshine. The Casino is always open, dress is always smart—and is not now leavened with German dowdiness; there are officers recovering, and decorative womenkind helping them to do it pleasantly. No one talks of the war; it is not forgotten, but put out of mind for the present. Even the attempt on the life of France's great old man was a passing shock, for everyone felt that he would get well to finish his grand work for his beloved country. All is cheery at Monte Carlo.



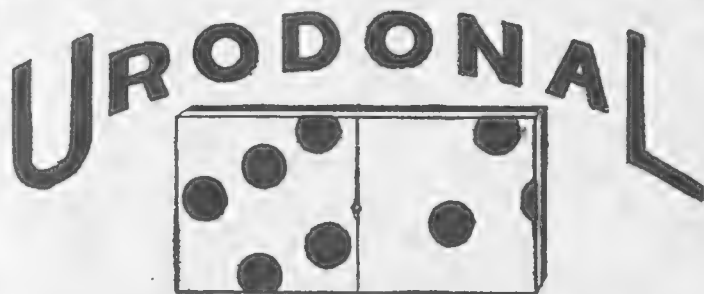
Coral-pink satin is used for the draped skirt, which is lined with silver; while the bodice is of coral-and-silver brocade. The dainty little cap follows suit.

"Demobbed."

By their hands we shall know them, the women of real refinement and charm and of character—and the men too. It is now once again possible to obtain that splendid preparation for keeping hands smooth, white, and in good order, Pomeroy "Safada," one of Mrs. Pomeroy's successful preparations. For a time Government restriction prevented all the elements of it being procured. Now, happily, in Armistice time "Safada" is once again at our disposal, and will undoubtedly tend to the good condition of hands which have suffered considerably from severe and very changeable climatic conditions. Mrs. Pomeroy's successes are many, for her skin-treatment and complexion preservatives have earned world-wide appreciation. "Safada" is one we gladly welcome back into "civvy" life.

The Hidden Hands.

Other times, other manners. I remember that a very nice young man—in my opinion—was strongly disapproved of and struck off my grandmother's invitation list because he stood on her hearthrug, before her fire, in her drawing-room, with his hands in his pockets. In her opinion he was a very ill-bred youth; but for her opinion, founded on the place in which he elected to conceal his hands, he might have been her grandson. I see that the most aristocratic of our daily papers comments adversely on the Lord Chancellor for speaking in public with his hands in his pockets, and I am reminded of my grandmother, who was also seriously addicted to aristocracy. However, my own limited acquaintance with Peers of the Realm absolves the Lord Chancellor and the nice young man of my early fancy from a charge of ill-breeding on this account. Said a Peer to me the other evening in strict confidence, "Thank the Lord for the pockets in my evening bags."



THERE IS SOMETHING WRONG

with anyone who sleeps badly at night, wakes in the morning feeling tired and aching, goes about the day's routine suffering pain and stiffness in every limb, has no relish for food and is unable to digest properly. In the large majority of cases excess of Uric Acid is at the root of the trouble.

THERE IS SOMETHING WRONG with an article sold as a remedy for such symptoms which only gives temporary relief. It is evident that the so-called "remedy" not being compounded on a scientific basis, fails to attack the evil at its root. It is useless to treat the **symptoms** without tackling the **PRIME CAUSE** of these symptoms—Uric Acid—and URODONAL alone can do this, as it is a real solvent of Uric Acid, based on a scientific formula discovered by an eminent French Chemist as a result of years of patient experiment and research.

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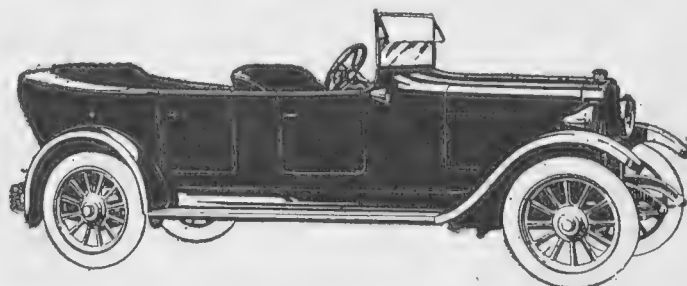
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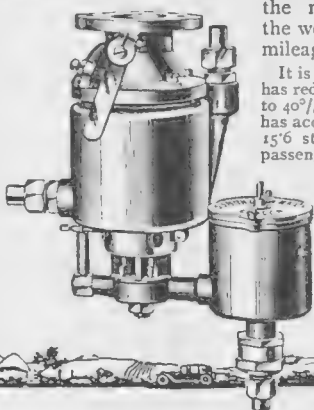
the most economical Carburetter in the world, and assures to users more mileage with less petrol.

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(Brand of acetyl-salicylic acid)

Don't confuse
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Doctors also testify that Genasprin stops fatigue-pains due to excessive brainwork or manual labour—instantly relieves excruciating headache, toothache, neuralgia, neuritis and sciatica—remedies cold-in-the-head and feverishness—and is invaluable for gout, lumbago, rheumatism, etc. But there is very little Genasprin on the market, so buy a 2/- bottle (35 tablets) before your chemist is sold out. It is the purest, safest brand of aspirin—guaranteed by the manufacturers:

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(Chairman: The Viscountess Rhonda)

SOCIETY GOSSIP.

The Lovely Bride. "The loveliest bride ever seen at the Abbey" was the general opinion of Princess Patricia

by those who had the good fortune to secure seats at last week's ceremony. They might have added—some of them did—that she was also the happiest. No deserter from the ranks of royalty could have looked happier over her renunciation than Lady Patricia Ramsay as she passed down the aisle on her husband's arm.

Will They Do It? Will V.A.D-ing be followed by V.A.B-ing?

In other words, will the girls who have been helping in the hospitals to build up men broken in the war now take a hand in helping to build up healthy babies for the good of the nation? Volunteer Aid for Babies is the Duchess of Marlborough's own idea, and she has already expatiated on its possibilities to the mothers of Southwark, which she hopes to continue to represent on the L.C.C. Meantime, it's open to the average person to wonder whether we shall really see elegant well-knowns in Hyde Park wheeling processions of perambulators occupied by babies from Bermondsey.



BURKE-STEWART: AN INTERESTING WEDDING GROUP.

This photograph was taken on the occasion of the wedding of Lieut.-Col. E. T. Burke, D.S.O., R.A.M.C., and Miss Mina D. Stewart. The bride is the daughter of the late Mr. Charles Stewart, of Perth; and the bridegroom son of Mr. W. M. Burke, City Chamberlain of Dundee.—[Photograph by Topical.]

Lady Leven and Melville, on the sick-list, she has, so far, not surrendered to the all-conquering microbe, and at the moment of writing, is booked to play at Miss Amy Hare's concert, which will

Not There. The Prince of Wales and the Hon. Wilfrid Bailey, D.S.O., are close friends, and it was whispered that one reason for the somewhat hurried arrangements for the ceremony was the possibility that the Prince might himself attend in person. But the royal wedding, and the luncheon that followed it, intervened, and though the bride is a god-daughter of Queen Mary, royalty was not represented at her marriage at the Guards' Chapel last week. By-the-bye, absence of khaki is already noticeable at functions of this kind. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that black coats and top hats are conspicuous after their long absence. Lord Glanusk was in regulation civilian wedding garb, and sported a pink carnation in his buttonhole. There were others who wore the same—without the carnation.

Not a Victim. Reports of "flu" victims are almost as active as the disease. One only has to sneeze or indulge in a headache to be deluged with letters of condolence from sympathetic friends. Though gossip placed Miss Mary Portman, sister of

[Continued over] at.



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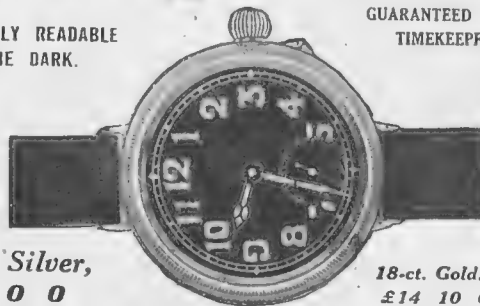
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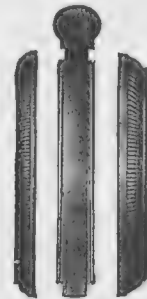
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(Continued.)

have taken place two days before these words appear in print. Miss Portman has gained distinction in the musical world for her violin-playing powers. Incidentally, she has suffered at the hands of the Hun. Her departure from Germany—where she had lived for some time—at the beginning of the war was so hurried that practically everything she possessed had to be left behind; and, judging from Fritz's war-time manners, she is not likely to get much of it back.

Only a Marriage. "Maclachlan of Maclachlan, Cluny Macpherson of Cluny, Anna Lady Colquhoun of Colquhoun, the Duke of Argyll"—it reads, like some ancient gathering of Scottish clans, and so it was, in a sense, but only for a peaceful purpose. None other, in fact, than the marriage of Maclachlan to Marjorie, widow of Donald Nicol of Ardmarnock—no, not at a Scotch Church, but at fashionable St. Peter's, in Eaton Square, which has seldom held so many Scotch folk at one time.

Said To Be Retiring.

Sir John Cowans, Quartermaster-General of the Forces; is, it is reported, to retire shortly. Whether he really retires now or later, Sir John will go down to history as the man who was responsible for gaining the British Army the reputation of the best-fed, and generally well-looked-after body of troops that have ever been under arms. Gossip credits Sir John with being personally responsible for the devices employed to prevent waste of food in Army camps. It really does not matter much whether he did, or did not, discover how much valuable fat for ammunition purposes could be extracted from the water in which plates had previously been washed. What did matter was that he considered no useful economy was too insignificant to be carried out, however trivial it might appear.

Going to Sell.

If he really does, as has been announced, intend to sell his Northamptonshire estates, the Duke of Grafton will only be following what appears of late years to have developed into almost a ducal hobby. But what, after all, is a Duke to do? Taxation and uncertainty as to the future do tend to make the possession of vast estates a burden too great for any one man to bear; and, as the close personal ties that used at one time to exist between landlord and tenant are growing weaker every day, sentiment is all that can be urged in favour of holding on to

landed property. But sentiment, as every practical person will agree, has no place in business. It is only a little over three years ago that the present Duke, then a grandfather, married Lady Borthwick as his second wife.

A Specific for Worry.

The spirit of combination is very much in the air, as, too, is a sort of smouldering agitation against the ever-growing burden of prices. There is a natural tendency to give the reins to hope now that the war is over; but the public cannot expect things, and especially monetary matters, to right themselves as by the touch of a magician's wand. We may, perhaps, have a People's League, but it might be well to give Patience a little longer trial first. Time is the only wonder-worker left to a prosaic century, but, proverbially, it can still work wonders.

War's Aftermath.

It is curious, and deplorable, that the harvest of death reaped by the war seems to be threatening an aftermath of violence and a sort of all-pervading recklessness which is dangerous to the last degree. Scarcely a day passes without its record of some terrible incident, some act of violence, which, in the pre-war days, would have been regarded as a sensational and thought-compelling tragedy. To-day such events are of such frequency that familiarity almost breeds indifference. Yet it is a poor legacy to be left by a war which called out such ungrudging heroism from the soldiers and sailors of the Empire. In the name of the millions who have given their lives to save that of the Empire, it should stop.

Orders representing a million and a-half sterling were, last year, a practical proof of the value of the "British Industries Fair," which is again this year being held at the Pennington Street premises of the London Dock, to which a special service of omnibuses is running from Mark Lane Station. Nearly six hundred firms in the paper, printing and stationery, glass and pottery, fancy goods and toy industries are represented, and more than 80,000 invitations to trade buyers have been issued by the Board of Trade. The Fair will remain open until March 7, and firms who have not yet received an invitation should apply to the Director, British Industries Fair, 10, Basinghall Street, E.C. The Fair has done, and is doing, valuable work in stimulating the interest of buyers in British trade.



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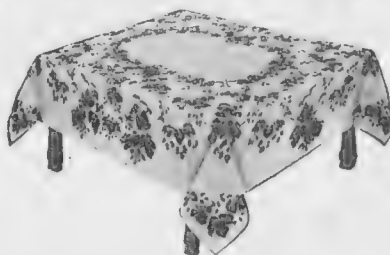
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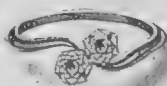
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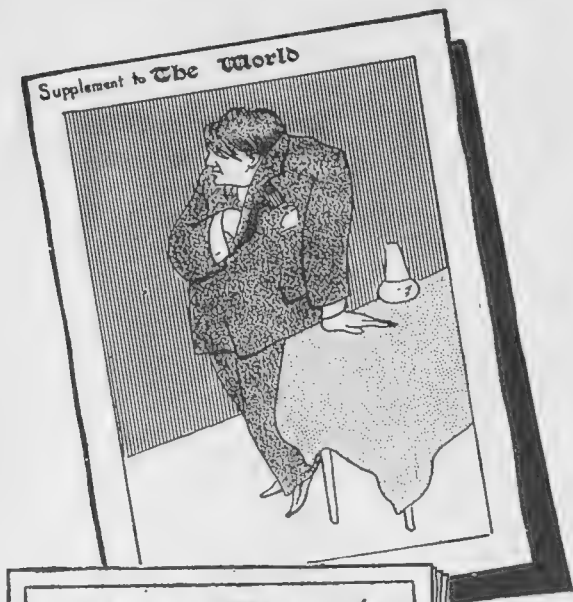


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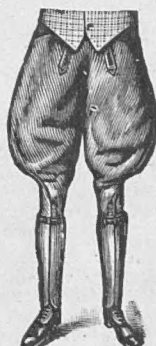
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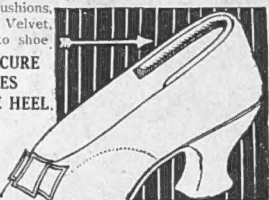
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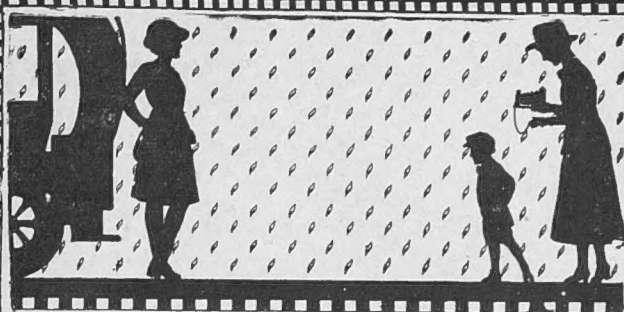
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